"WAR OF THE WORLDS SPECIAL!"

SUMMER 2011

HEAVY METAL®

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HEAVY METAL

WAR OF THE WORLDS SPECIAL

SUMMER 2011 VOLUME 35 • NO. 5

5 GALLERY ON WAR OF THE WORLDS

9 ST. PETERSBURG
STORY: JOE PEARSON, SCRIPT: DAVID ABRAMOWITZ & GAVIN YAP, LETTERING: REMY "EISU" MOKHTAR, ART: PUPPETEER LEE

25 LEGACY
WRITER: CHI-REN CHOONG, ART: WANKOK LEONG

59 DIVINE WIND
ART BY KROMOSOMLAB, COLOR BY MAYALOCA, WRITTEN BY LEON TAN

73 THE OATH
WRITER: JOE PEARSON, ARTIST: OH WANG JING, LETTERER: CHENG CHEE SIONG, COLORIST: POPIA

100 THE PATIENT
WRITER: GAVIN YAP, ART: REMY "EISU" MOKHTAR, COLORS: AMMAR "GECKO" JAMAL

113 THE CAPTAIN
SCRIPT: NA'A MURAD & GAVIN YAP, ART: SLAIUM

9. ST. PETERSBURG

59. DIVINE WIND

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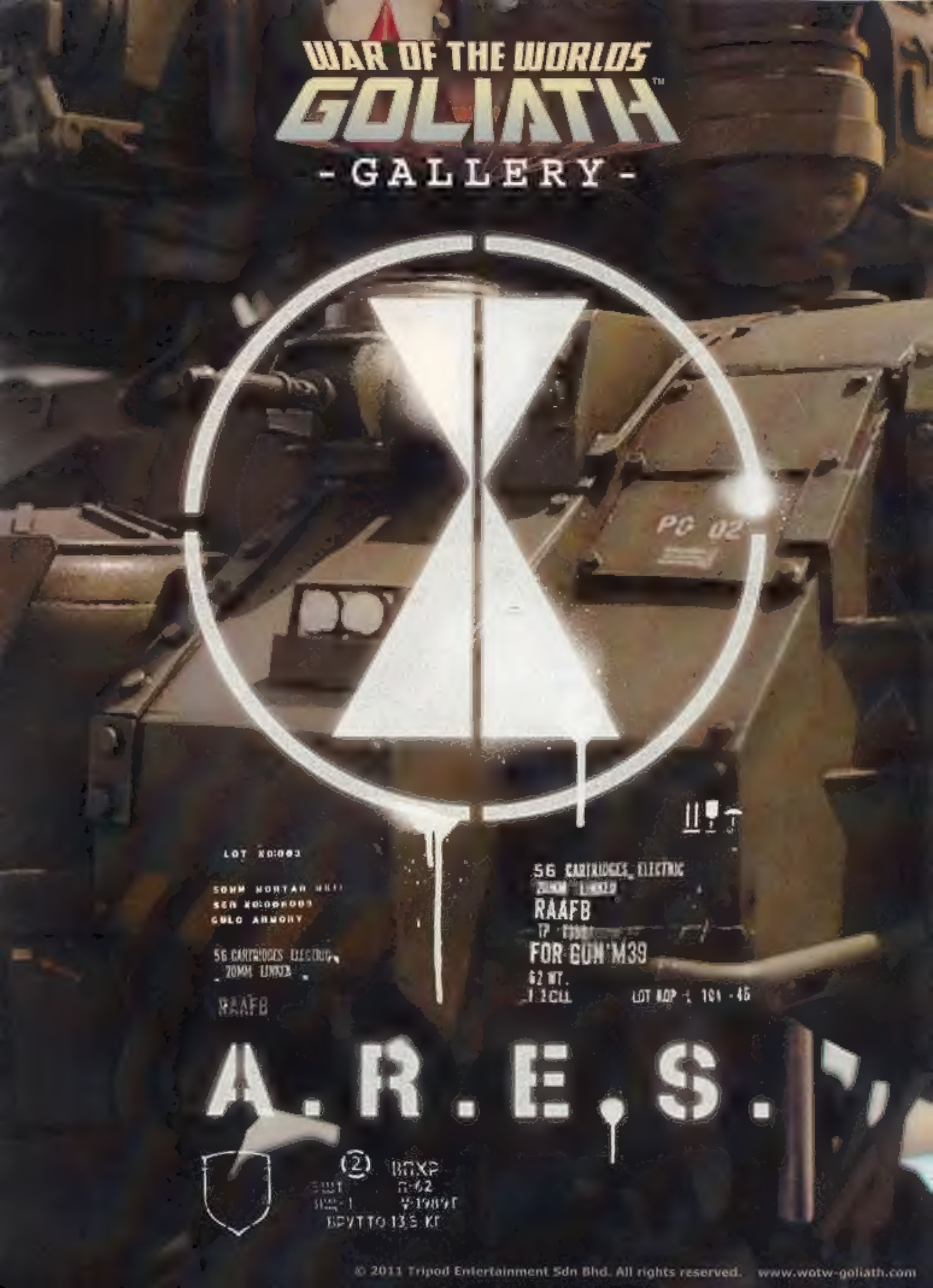
WAR OF THE WORLDS GOLIATH™

- GALLERY -



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WAR OF THE WORLDS GOLIATH

- GALLERY -

"War of the Worlds: Goliath" is an animated saga of love and war, that tells the story of Mankind's battle for survival during a second Martian invasion of Earth in 1914. Set in a steampunk world of giant tripod tanks and 1500-foot long battle zeppelins, the movie focuses on the young crew members of the 80-foot tall battle tripod "Goliath" as they are tested in the crucible of total war with the invaders.

"War of the Worlds: Goliath" will be completed in the winter of 2011 and begin a theatrical release worldwide shortly after that.

Independently produced by an international team of top artists and animators spanning three countries, the movie features a mix of powerful CG mecha and compelling 2D characters. Here is a small sampling of some of the tens of thousands of beautiful designs and images that have been generated in the production of the film.

A.R.E.S. Complex - Aerial View

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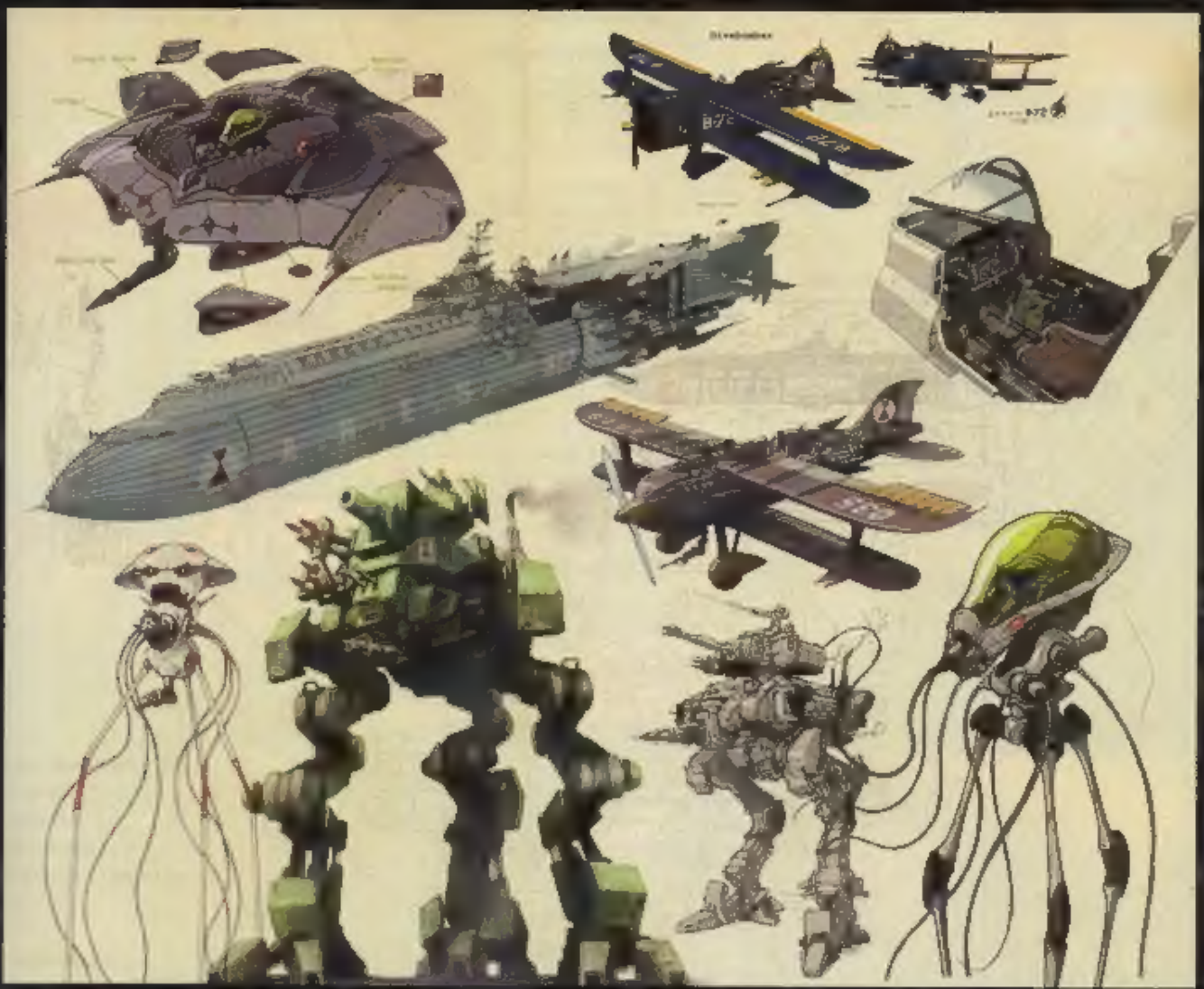
WAR OF THE WORLDS GOLIATH

- GALLERY -



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WAR OF THE WORLDS

GOLIATH

- GALLERY -

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WAR OF THE WORLDS GOLIATH™

ST PETERSBURG

STORY BY JOE PEARSON
SCRIPT BY DAVID ABRAMOWITZ & GAVIN YAP
LETTERING BY REMY "EISU" MOKHTAR
ART BY PUPPETEER LEE

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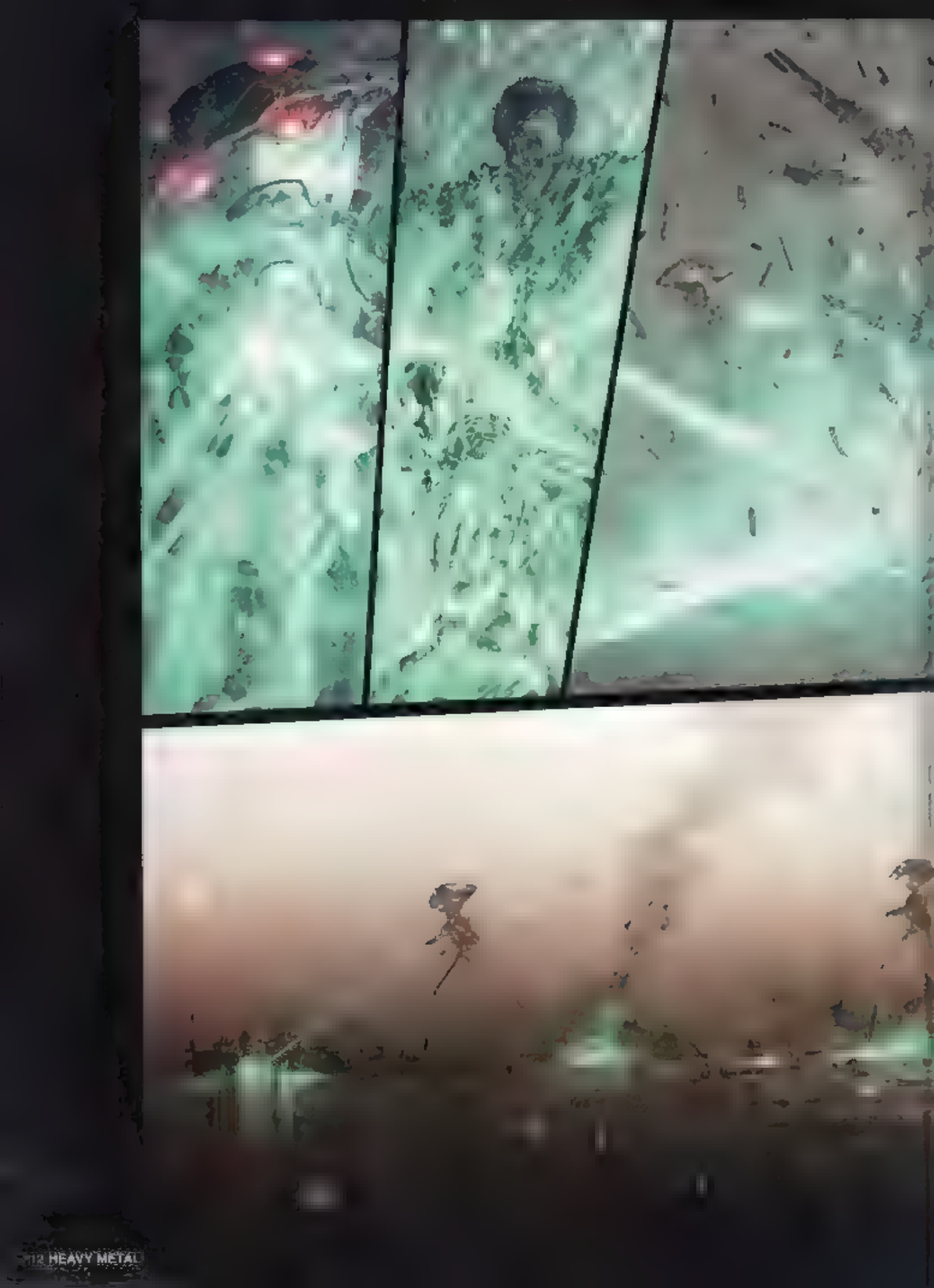
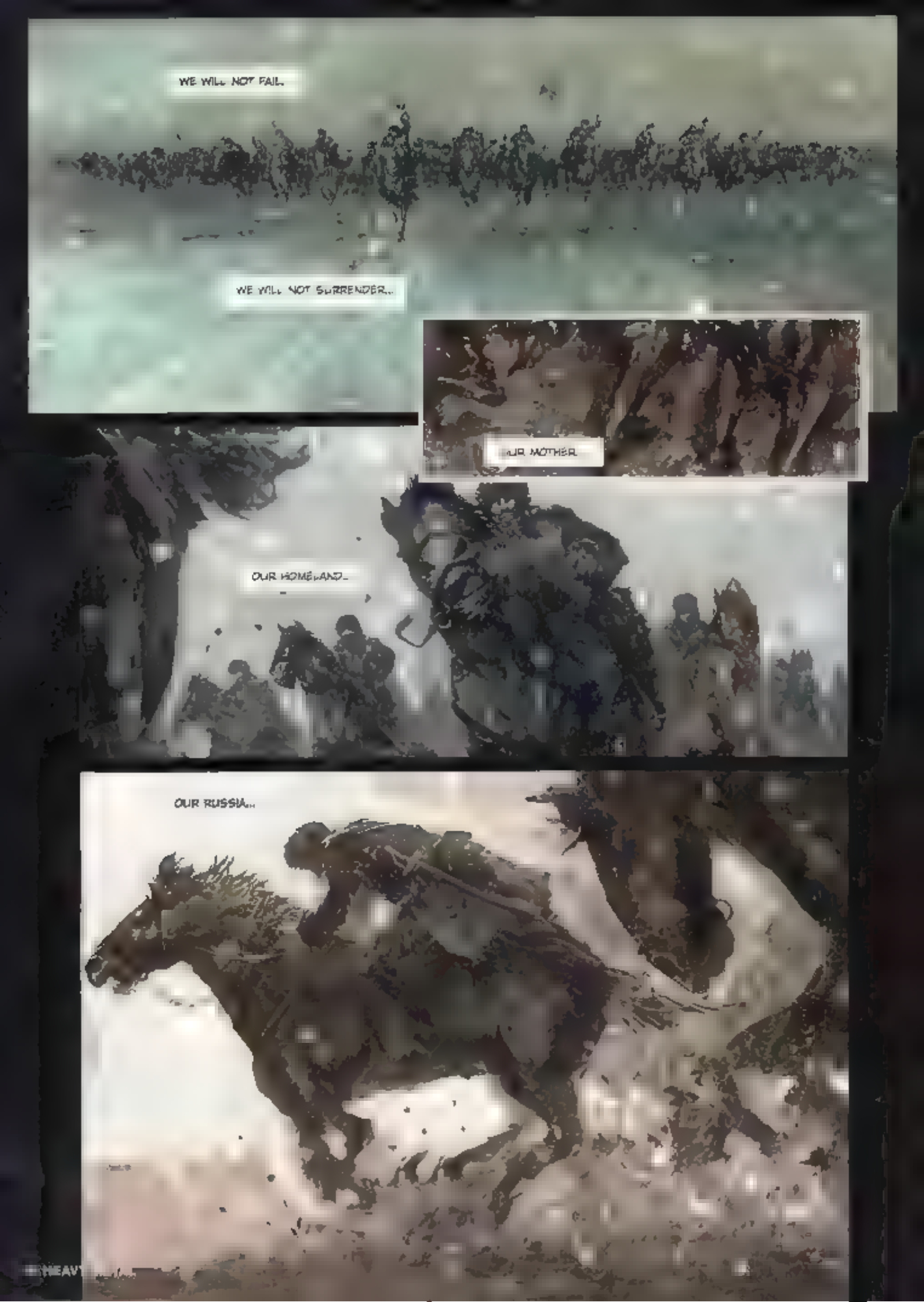


COURAGE MEN... COURAGE.

COURAGE MEN... COURAGE...

OURS WILL NOT BE THE ONLY BLOOD
THAT WILL NOURISH THE EARTH OF
MOTHER RUSSIA TODAY
KATYA...
KEEP ME SAFE
MY LOVE.

I ASK YOU TODAY TO REMEMBER WHO YOU FIGHT FOR...
WHO YOU BLEED FOR. WHO YOU DIE FOR.
AND TO TELL YOU THAT THERE IS NO ARMY THAT CAN STAND BEFORE US.
DEATH TO THE INVADERS!!!!
DEATH TO THE INVADERS!!

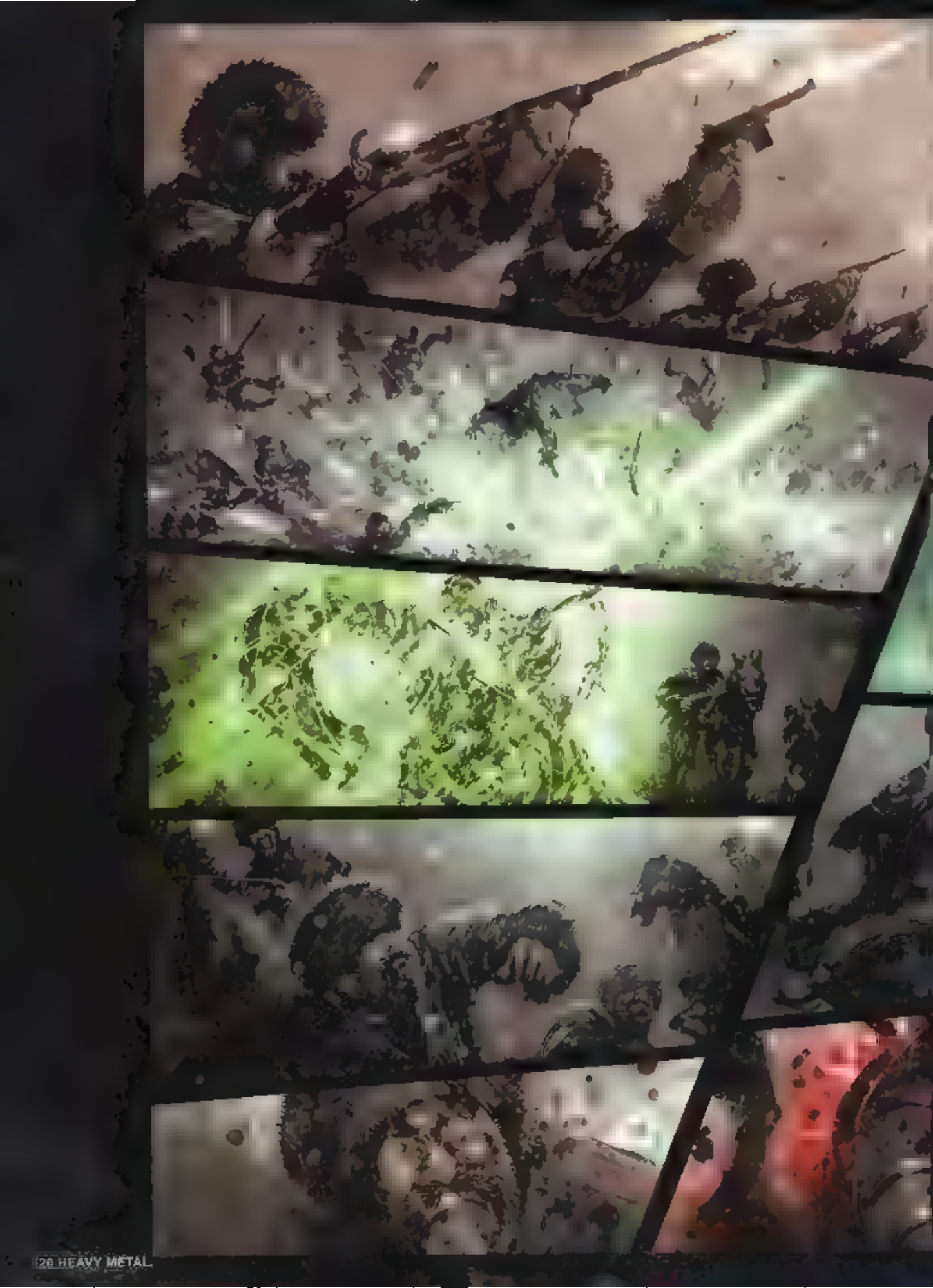

WE WILL NOT FAIL.
WE WILL NOT SURRENDER..
..UR MOTHER
OUR HOMELAND..
OUR RUSSIA..

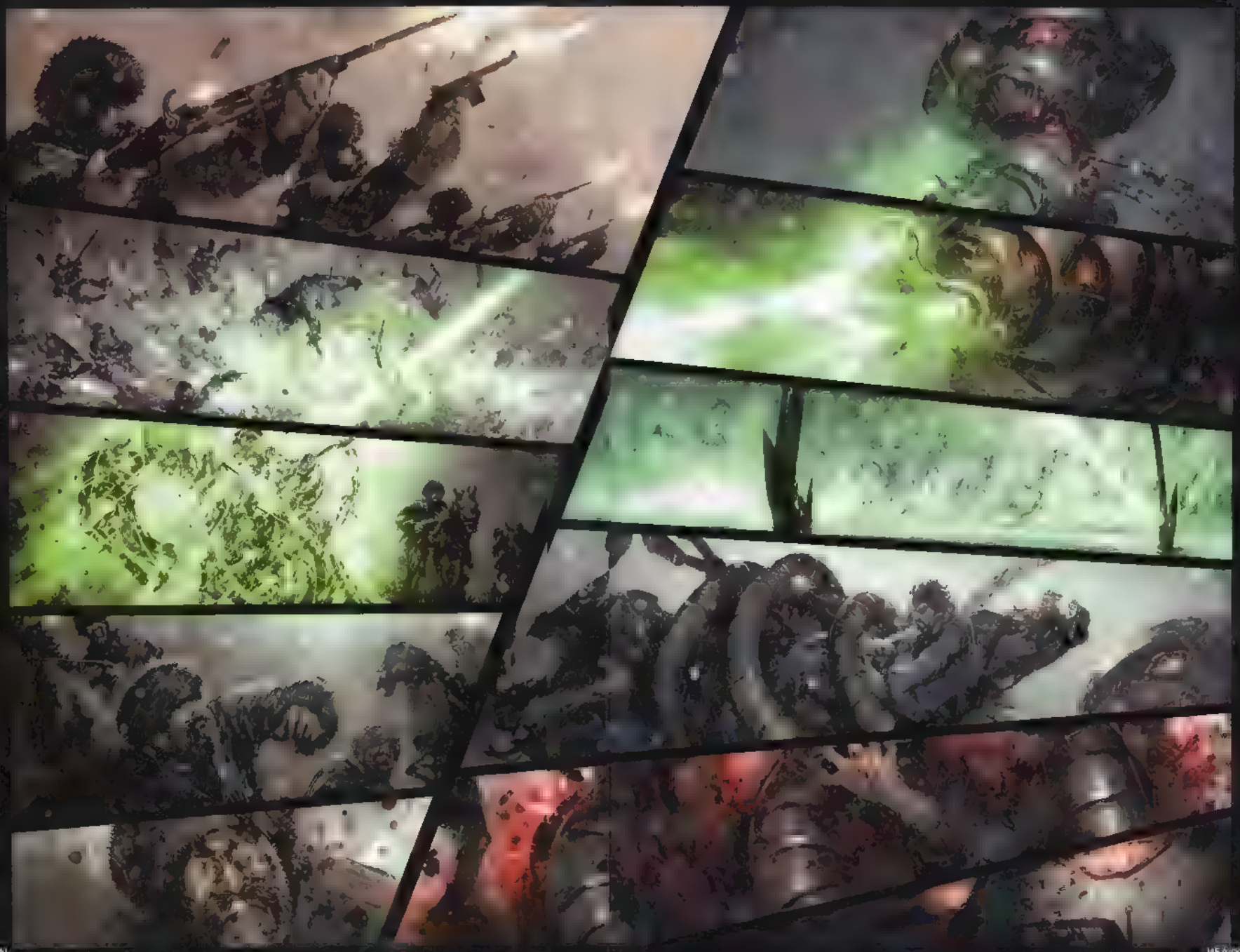
WILL BE VICTORIOUS.

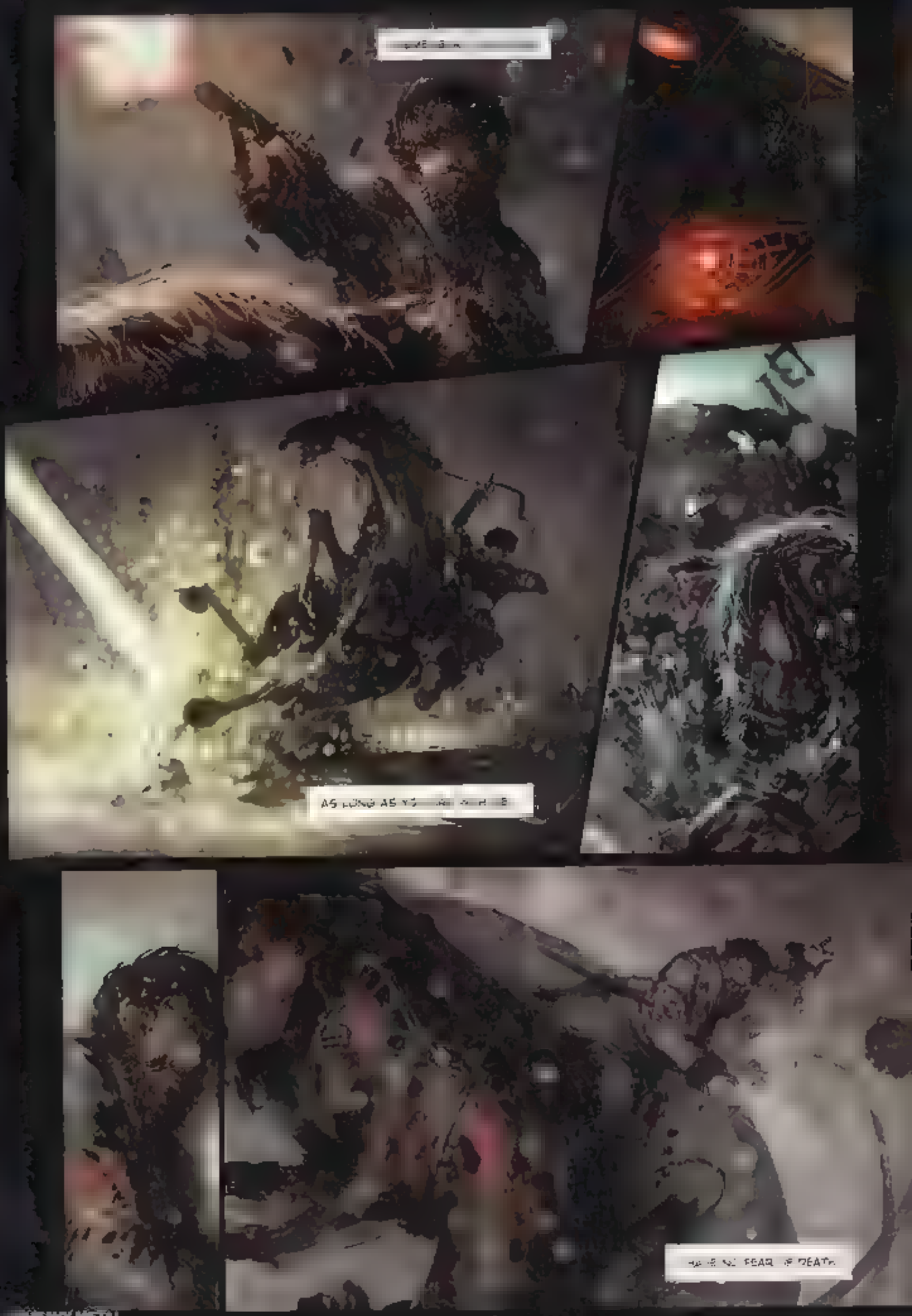
REMEMBER WHEN WE FIRST MET KATYA?

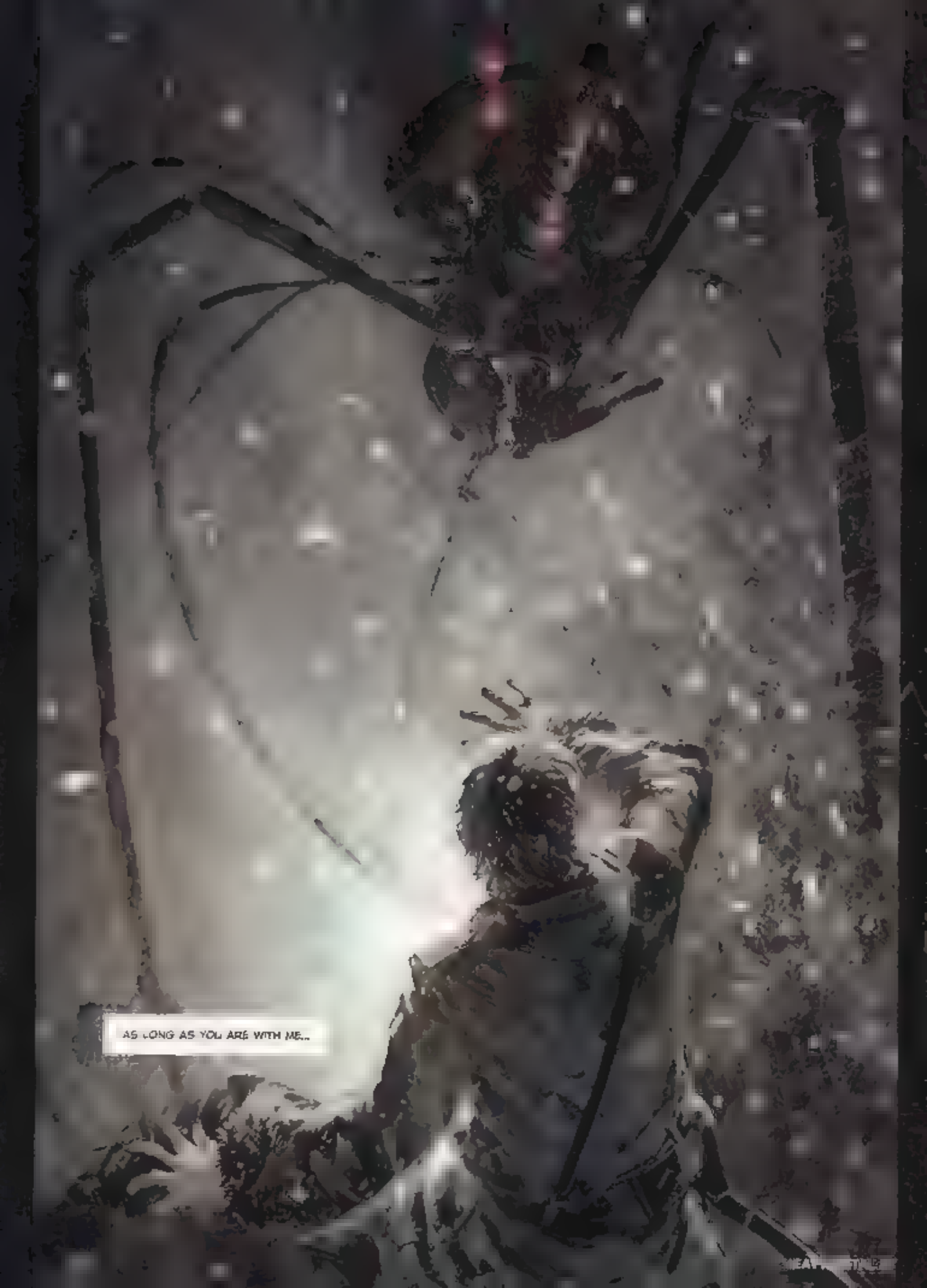
DO YOU REMEMBER, MY

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN WE FIRST MET, KATYA?
DO YOU REMEMBER MY LOVE






AS LONG AS
HEAVY METAL


AS LONG AS YOU ARE WITH ME...

WAR OF THE WORLDS
GOLIATH
LEGACY
T N By Chi Ren Choo
ART By Nanrok Leong
MY DEAREST SON.
BY THE TIME YOU READ THESE WORDS. YOU WILL BE A MAN
T S DFFiCULT TO MAGINE THAT I WILL NOT BE THERE TO WITNESS YOUR FIRST STEPS OR HEAR YOUR FIRST WORDS.

BUT I AM UNDER NO ILLUSIONS.
AT FIRST LIGHT, MY UNIT GOES FORTH TO DO BATTLE WITH THE DEMONS THAT HAVE ATTACKED OUR WORLD.
I KNOW WITH QUIET CERTAINTY THAT NONE OF US WILL RETURN.

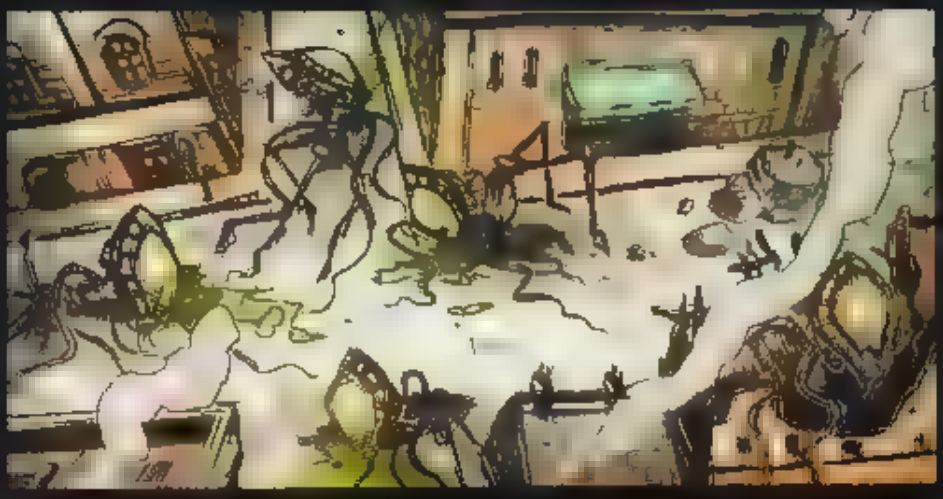
WE DID NOT SEEK OUT THIS CONFLICT B
NOR SHALL WE SHY AWAY FROM T
RELEASE THAT GOD G
METTLE
FOR WHEN FACED WITH TOTAL ANNIHILATION THERE IS NOTHING TO BE
DONE BUT STAND AND FIGHT.

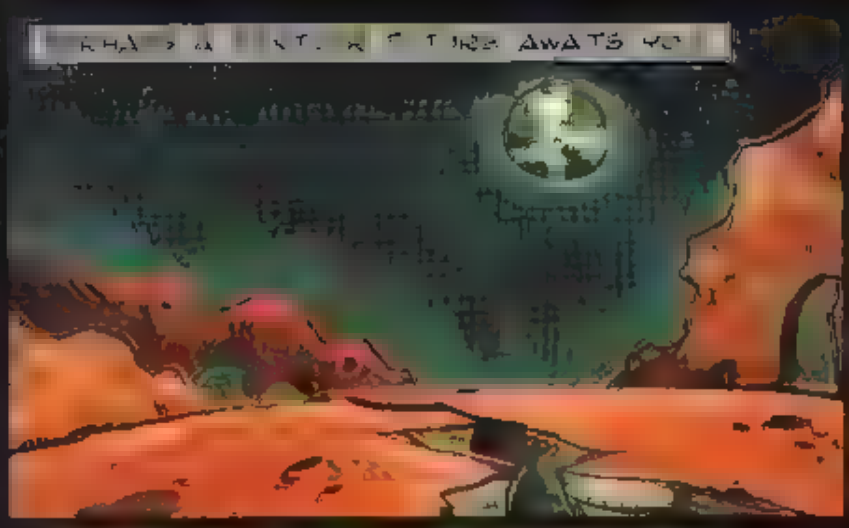
HOPE THAT THE WORLD YOU GROW UP IN WILL BE ONE OF PEACE.
I HOPE THE HORRORS THAT I HAVE WITNESSED WILL BE NOTHING BUT A DISTANT MEMORY BY THE TIME YOU READ THESE WORDS.
I HOPE THAT WE WILL HAVE FOUND SOME WAY TO DRIVE THE BASTARDS BACK.
FORGIVE MY LANGUAGE BUT AS YOU ARE A MAN NOW, I MUST SPEAK TO YOU PLAINLY.

BUT SHOULD WE FAIL
SHOULD YOU COME OF AGE IN A WORLD AT WAR. I CAN ONLY OFFER YOU THESE WORDS.
BECOME STONE, MY SON.
HIDE AWAY THE BETTER ANGELS OF YOUR NATURE
FOR THAT IS THE ONLY WAY YOU WILL SURVIVE.

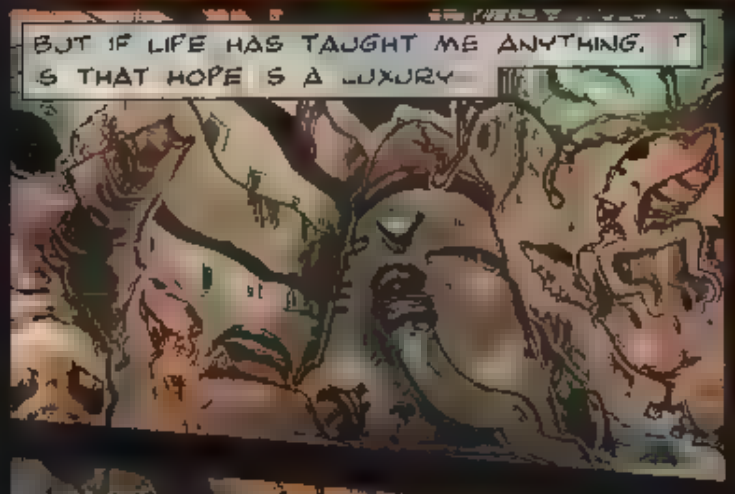
SILENCE ALL THOUGHTS OF MERCY AND COMPASSION. THEY HAVE NO PLACE IN THIS NEW WORLD.
THERE IS BUT ONE WAY TO DEAL WITH THESE INVADERS FROM THE STARS.
AND THAT IS TO MEET MIGHT WITH MIGHT.
EXCHANGE BRUTALITY FOR BRUTALITY

KILL THEM ALL.
STRIP THE FLESH FROM THEIR BONES AND BURN THEIR ROTTING CORPSES TILL THEY ARE ASH
AND LET THE SMOKE FROM THEIR FUNERAL PYRE SERVE AS A WARNING TO THEIR LEADERS.
A WARNING TO NEVER JOURNEY TO OUR WORLD AGAIN.




WHAT'S AWAITS US

AT LEAST THAT'S MY HOPE

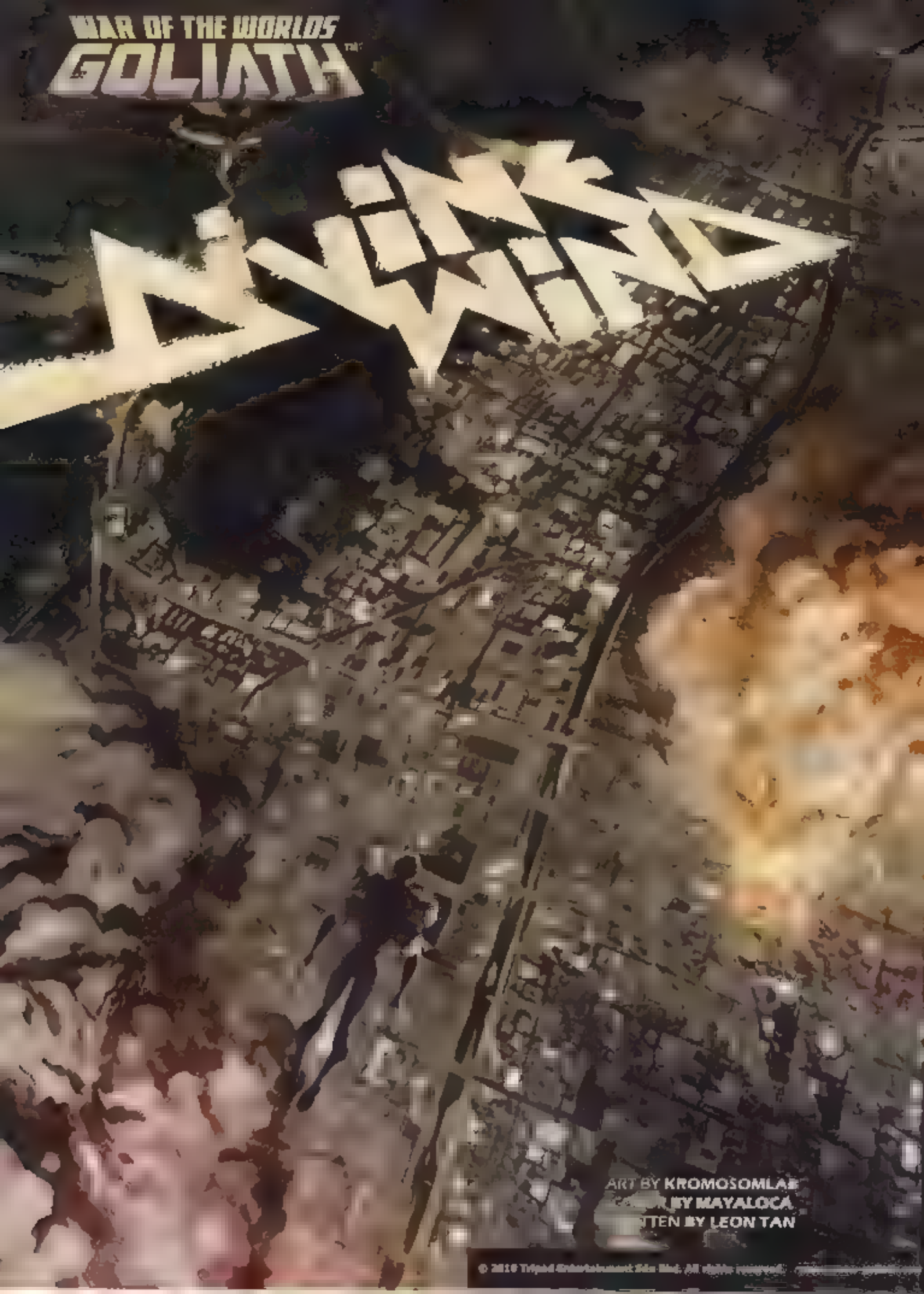

BUT IF LIFE HAS TAUGHT ME ANYTHING, IT'S THAT HOPE'S A LUXURY

NEVER A CERTAINTY

THE BUGLES HAVE SOUNDED AND I MUST LEAVE.
I HOPE YOU WILL FORGIVE AN OLD MAN'S SENTIMENTALITY WHEN I SAY I LOVE YOU.
THE DAY YOU CAME TO YOUR MOTHER AND ME WAS THE HAPPIEST OF OUR LVES.
AND T S WITH SORROW AND REGRET THAT YOU A BARE TWO SUMMERS LATER.
BUT SUCH WAS OUR FATE

FIFTEEN YEARS LATER
BE STRONG MY SON, AND WATCH THE SKIES, FOR THERE IS MORE IN THE HEAVENS THAN WE DARED DREAM. AND FEAR.
THE WORLD HAS CHANGED AND NOWHERE WILL EVER BE SAFE AGAIN. BE VIGILANT; FOR HISTORY IS BUT A SINGLE STORY REPEATING ITSELF
INTO INFINITY.
END

MY NAME IS YOSHI TSUKADA.
I AM THE DIVINE WIND.


WAR OF THE WORLDS
GOLIATH
AVENGING
ART BY KROMOSOMLAB
BY MAYALOCA
TTEN BY LEON TAN
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ARES IMPERIAL HIGH COMMAND, KYOTO. TWO HOURS EARLIER.
REMEMBER YOUR HISTORY, MEN.
THE MONGOL INVASION OF 1281. KUBLAI KHAN SENT THE LARGEST NAVAL FORCE EVER TO DESTROY OUR [redacted] NIPPON.
EVERY SINGLE MONGOL SHIP WAS WIPED OUT BY A DIVINE WIND FROM THE GODS.
TODAY, THERE IS A NEW INVADER AT OUR GATES.
AND ONCE MORE, THE DIVINE WIND WILL RISE TO DEFEND OUR ISLANDS.
I NEED TEN VOLUNTEERS.

COLONEL!
COLONEL KANEDA SIR!
GO HOME YOSHI! YOU ARE TOO YOUNG AND TOO SMALL
..TO CARRY ONE OF THESE
THEN GIVE ME TWO, SIR!

YES GIR
FIVE MEN TO AN ENEMY TRIPOD. I'D CALL THAT PRETTY GOOD ODDS, EH HIRO?
HEAVY METAL

TEAMS KURO AND MURASAKI!! TARGET ONE ENEMY TRIPOD EACH!
KYOTO MUST NOT FALL!!

MARK!
TEAM KURO! ON MY MARK!
FOR THE EMPEROR! SEND THOSE DEMONS BACK TO HELL!

ODA'S CHUTE IS JAMMED!
PULL!

NO!!!
AGKK!!
SPREAD OUT! SPREAD...
CAPTAIN!

KAWADA HERE. I'VE LANDED ON THE LEAD TRIPOD. PROCEEDING TO NEUTRALIZE THE ENEMY.

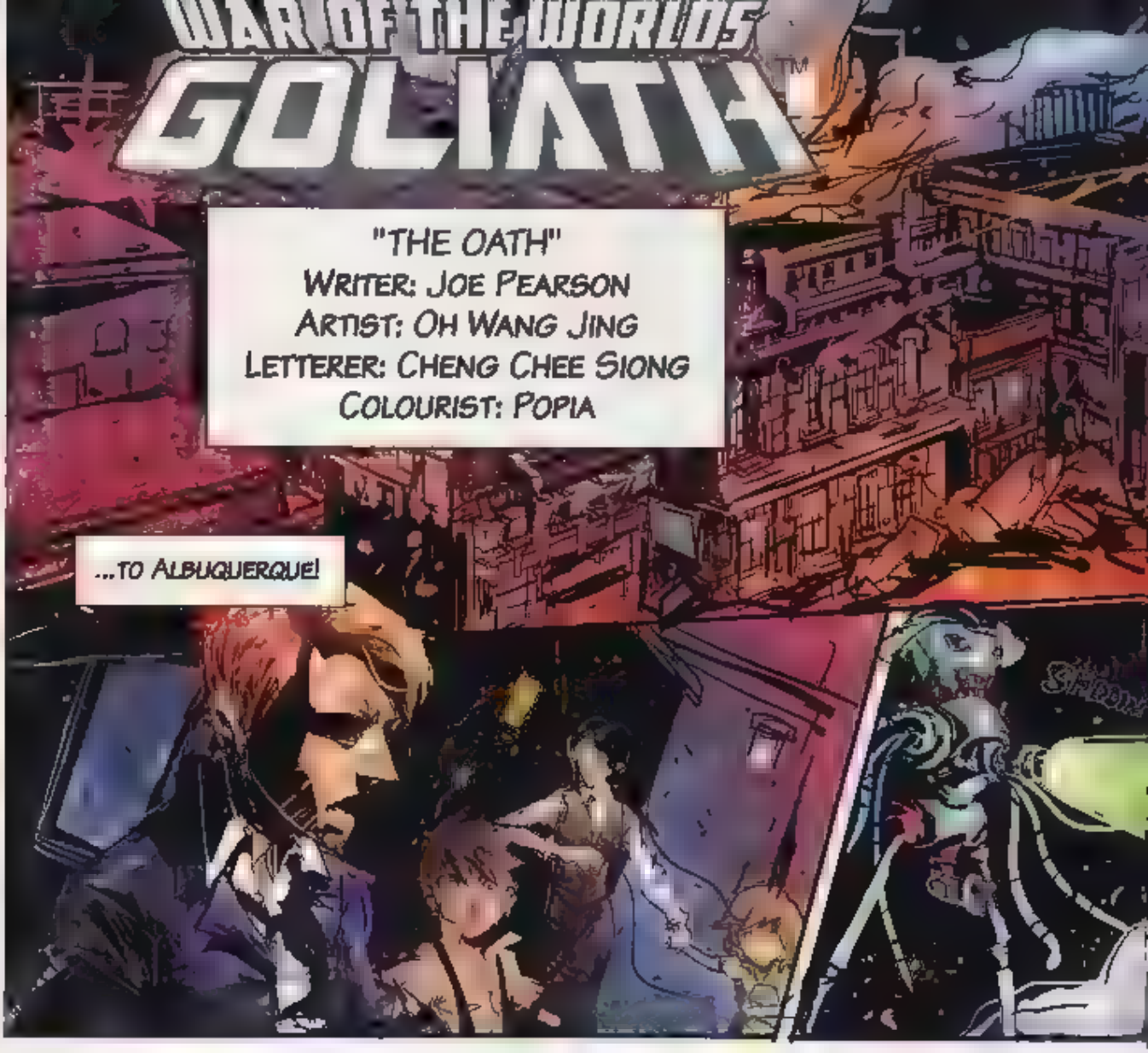
YEARGH!!
MARTIAN SCUM!

KAWADA'S SACRIFICE WAS GLORIOUS.
MY TURN.

YOU MAY COME FROM ANOTHER WORLD, BUT YOU CAN STILL BLEED!

MY NAME IS YOSHI TSUKADA.
I AM THE DIVINE WIL
END

MARIA... I...KEPT... MY WORD...
...HONORED THE OATH...
I REMEMBER. I REMEMBER IT ALL... ...WHEN THEY FIRST CAME.


WAR OF THE WORLDS
GOLIATH
"THE OATH"
WRITER: JOE PEARSON
ARTIST: OH WANG JING
LETTERER: CHENG CHEE SIONG
COLOURIST: POPIA
...TO ALBUQUERQUE!

AHHH

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GOLIATH
"THE OATH"
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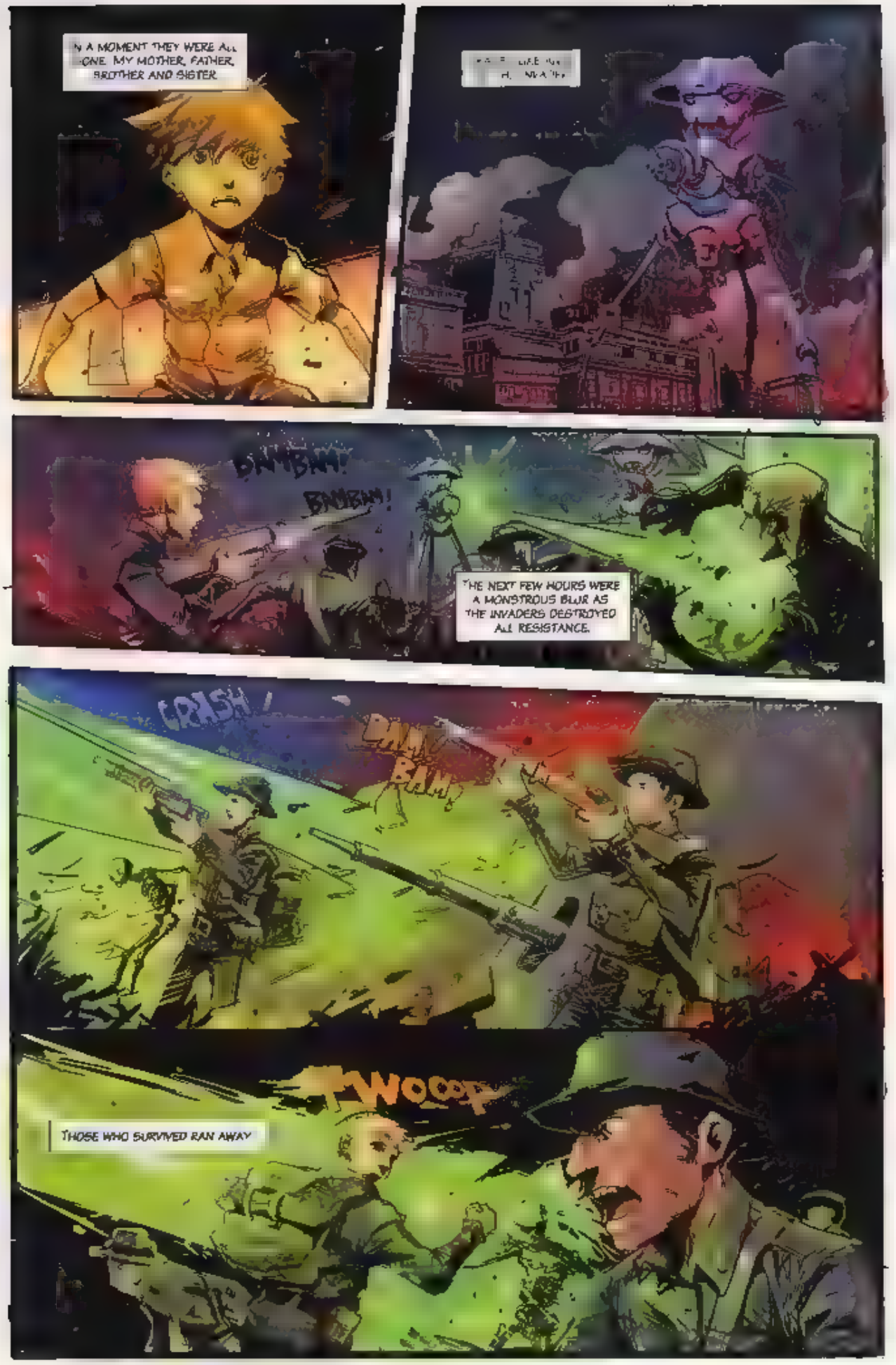
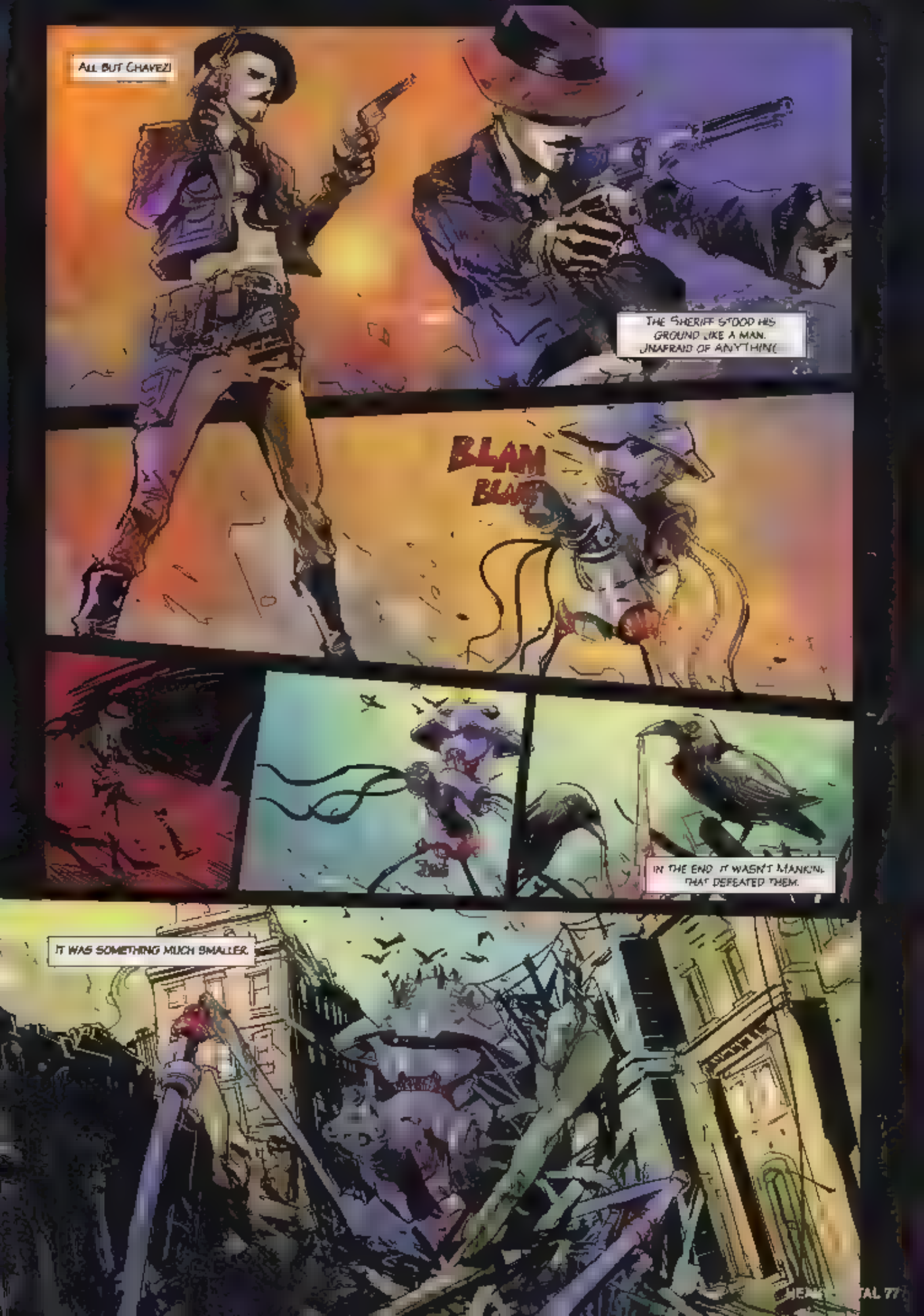

IN A MOMENT THEY WERE ALL GONE. MY MOTHER, FATHER, BROTHER AND SISTER.
BAMBAM!
BAMBAM!
THE NEXT FEW HOURS WERE A MONSTROUS BLUR AS THE INVADERS DESTROYED ALL RESISTANCE.
CRASH!
BAM!
BAM!
WOOSH
THOSE WHO SURVIVED RAN AWAY

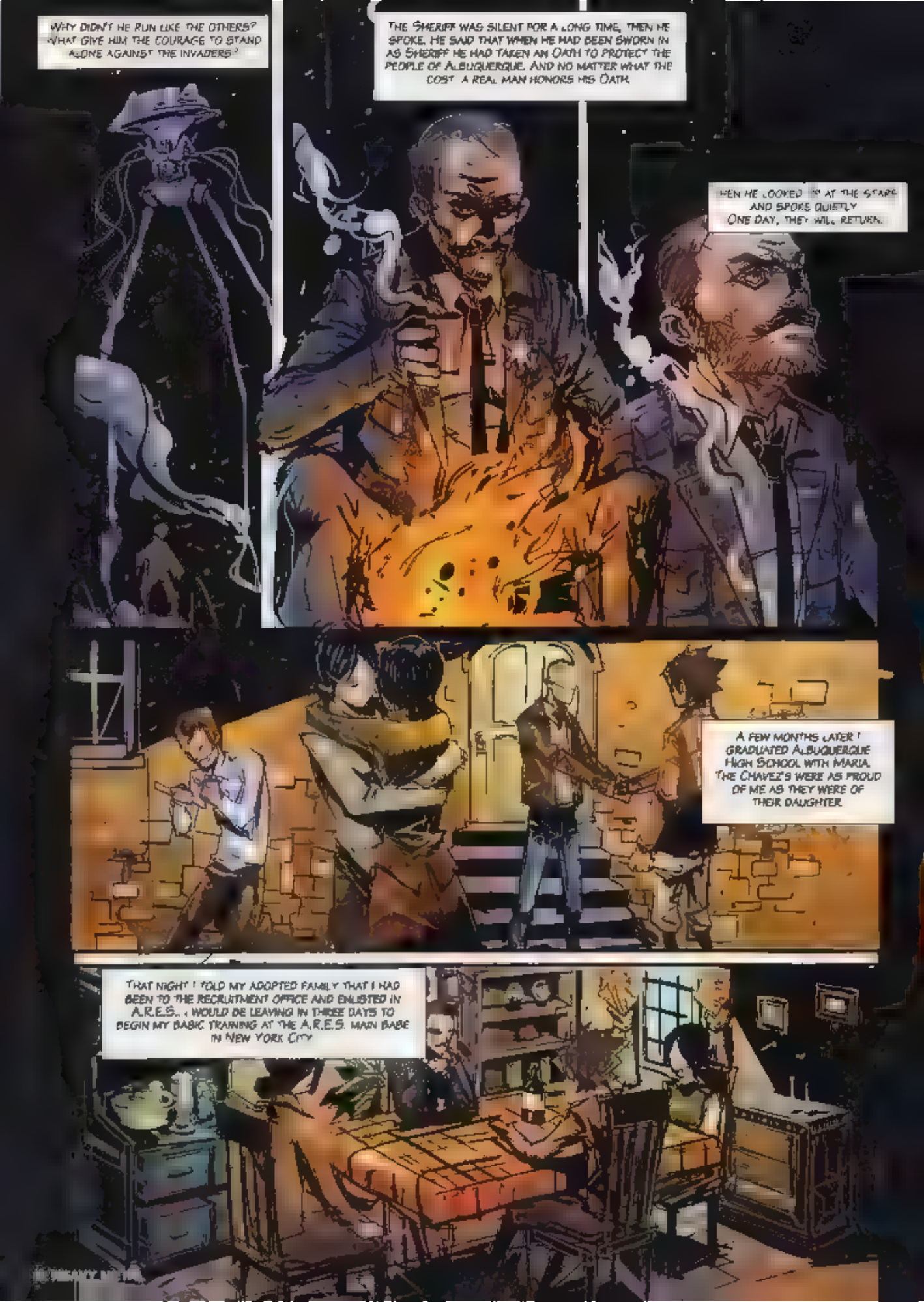

ALL BUT CHAVEZ!
THE SHERIFF STOOD HIS GROUND LIKE A MAN. UNAFRAID OF ANYTHING.
BLAM
BLAM
IN THE END, IT WASN'T MANKIND THAT DEFEATED THEM.
IT WAS SOMETHING MUCH SMALLER.

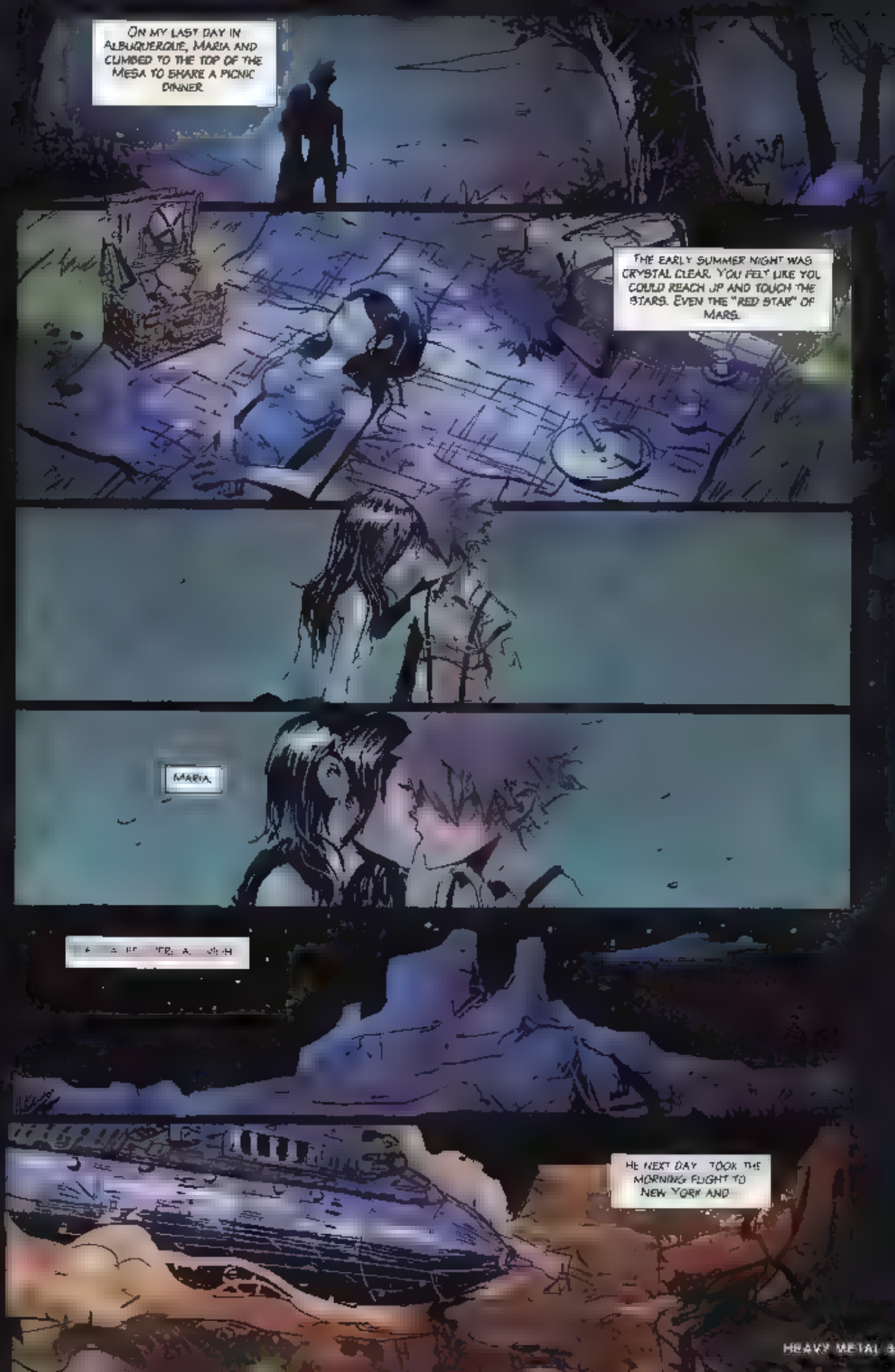
THE WAR WAS OVER. THE ENEMY WAS DEAD. BUT THEIR LEGACY REMAINED.
THE YEARS OF REBUILDING WERE LONG AND HARD
WAS ALONE. NO HOME OR FAMILY SPENT A YEAR IN THE REFUGEE CAMP
THEN MOVED TO THE STREETS AND ALLEYS
AND FREEZING IN THE WINTER
ME WAS A DISTANT DREAM. REAM FOR OTHERS. NOT ME

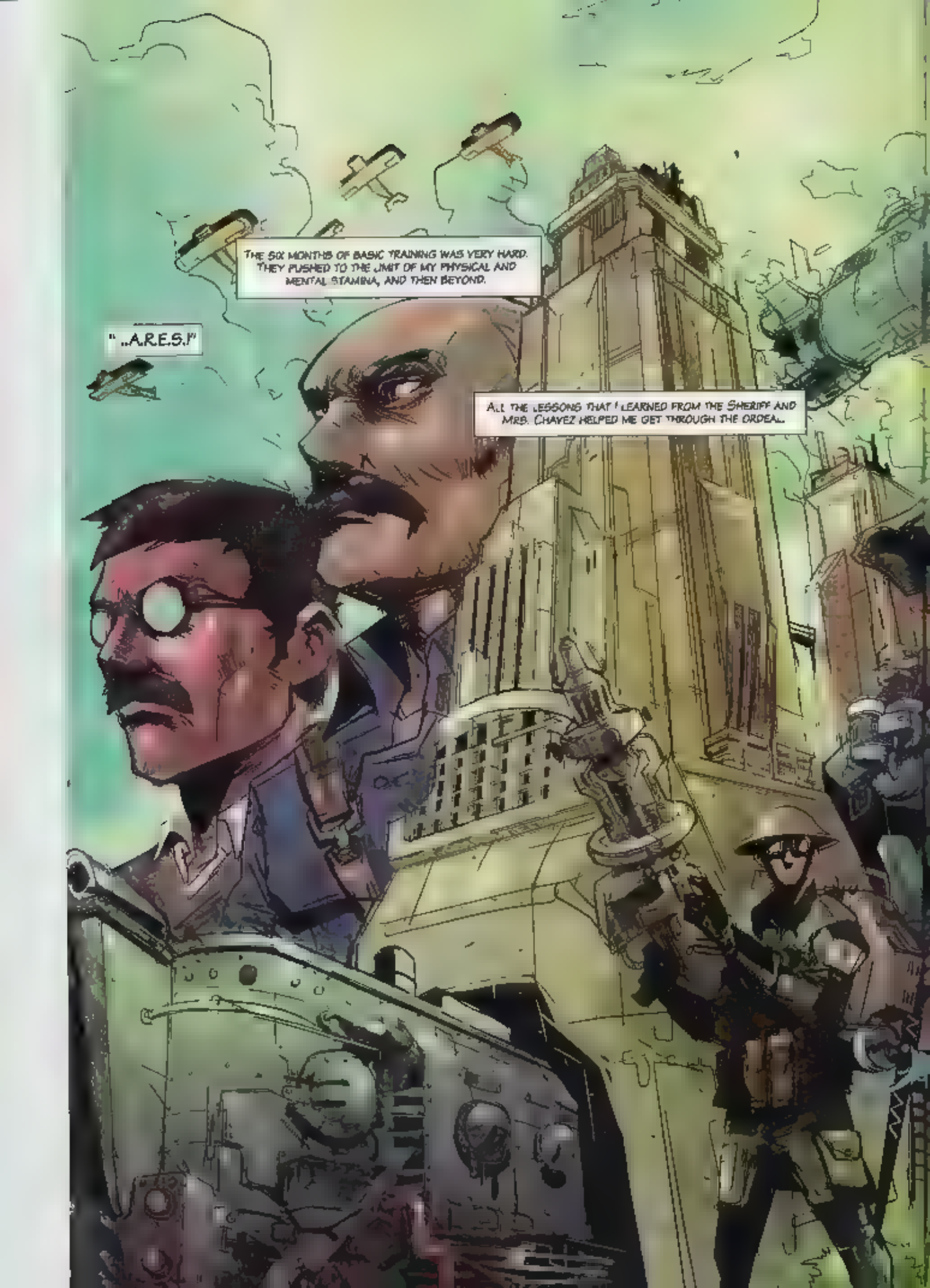
I WAS LIKE AN ANIMAL AND DID WHAT HAD TO DO IN ORDER TO SURVIVE.
TOC TOC
TOC TOC TOC
TOC TOC TOC TOC TOC
!
BUK

I THOUGHT THAT HE WAS GOING TO TAKE ME TO JAIL INSTEAD, HE TOOK ME TO HIS HOME...
AND FAMILY
FAMILY
MARIA

THE YEARS PASSED QUICKLY AS I GREW TO MANHOOD IN THE CHAVEZ HOUSEHOLD
THE CHAVEZ'S TAUGHT ME THE VALUE OF EDUCATION. THE POWER OF BOOKS AND KNOWLEDGE.
IT WAS HARD FOR ME AT FIRST. I HAD LOST SO MUCH TIME, BUT MARIA WAS THERE FOR ME
ALWAYS MARIA
THE SHERIFF TAUGHT ME HOW TO RIDE A HORSE. "HOW TO SHOOT A GUN. MORE IMPORTANTLY, HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO BE A MAN."
THAT NIGHT, AFTER WE MADE CAMP, I ASKED HIM THE QUESTION THAT HAD LONG BEEN ON MY MIND.


WHY DIDN'T HE RUN LIKE THE OTHERS? WHAT GIVE HIM THE COURAGE TO STAND ALONE AGAINST THE INVADERS?
THE SHERIFF WAS SILENT FOR A LONG TIME, THEN HE SPOKE. HE SAID THAT WHEN HE HAD BEEN SWORN IN AS SHERIFF HE HAD TAKEN AN OATH TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE OF ALBUQUERQUE. AND NO MATTER WHAT THE COST A REAL MAN HONORS HIS OATH.
HEN HE LOOKED AT THE STARS AND SPOKE QUIETLY ONE DAY, THEY WILL RETURN.
A FEW MONTHS LATER I GRADUATED ALBUQUERQUE HIGH SCHOOL WITH MARIA. THE CHAVEZ'S WERE AS PROUD OF ME AS THEY WERE OF THEIR DAUGHTER.
THAT NIGHT I TOLD MY ADOPTED FAMILY THAT I HAD BEEN TO THE RECRUITMENT OFFICE AND ENLISTED IN A.R.E.S.. I WOULD BE LEAVING IN THREE DAYS TO BEGIN MY BASIC TRAINING AT THE A.R.E.S. MAIN BASE IN NEW YORK CITY


On my last day in Albuquerque, Maria and climbed to the top of the mesa to share a picnic dinner.
The early summer night was crystal clear. You felt like you could reach up and touch the stars. Even the "red star" of Mars.
MARIA.
He next day took the morning flight to New York and


THE SIX MONTHS OF BASIC TRAINING WAS VERY HARD. THEY PUSHED TO THE LIMIT OF MY PHYSICAL AND MENTAL STAMINA, AND THEN BEYOND.
" ..A.R.E.S.!"
ALL THE LESSONS THAT I LEARNED FROM THE SHERIFF AND MRS. CHAVEZ HELPED ME GET THROUGH THE ORDEAL..

IN THE END, I LEARNED WHAT IT WAS TO BE A MEMBER OF A BROTHERHOOD OF WARRIORS, DEDICATED TO PROTECTING OUR WORLD FROM THE RETURN OF THE ENEMY TO HONOR THE OATH WE SWORE AT THE COMPLETION OF OUR TRAINING.
AND MARIA. SHE WAS ALWAYS IN MY THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS.

"...A.R.E.S."
THE SIX MONTHS OF BASIC TRAINING WAS VERY HARD. THEY PUSHED TO THE LIMIT OF MY PHYSICAL AND MENTAL STAMINA, AND THEN BEYOND.
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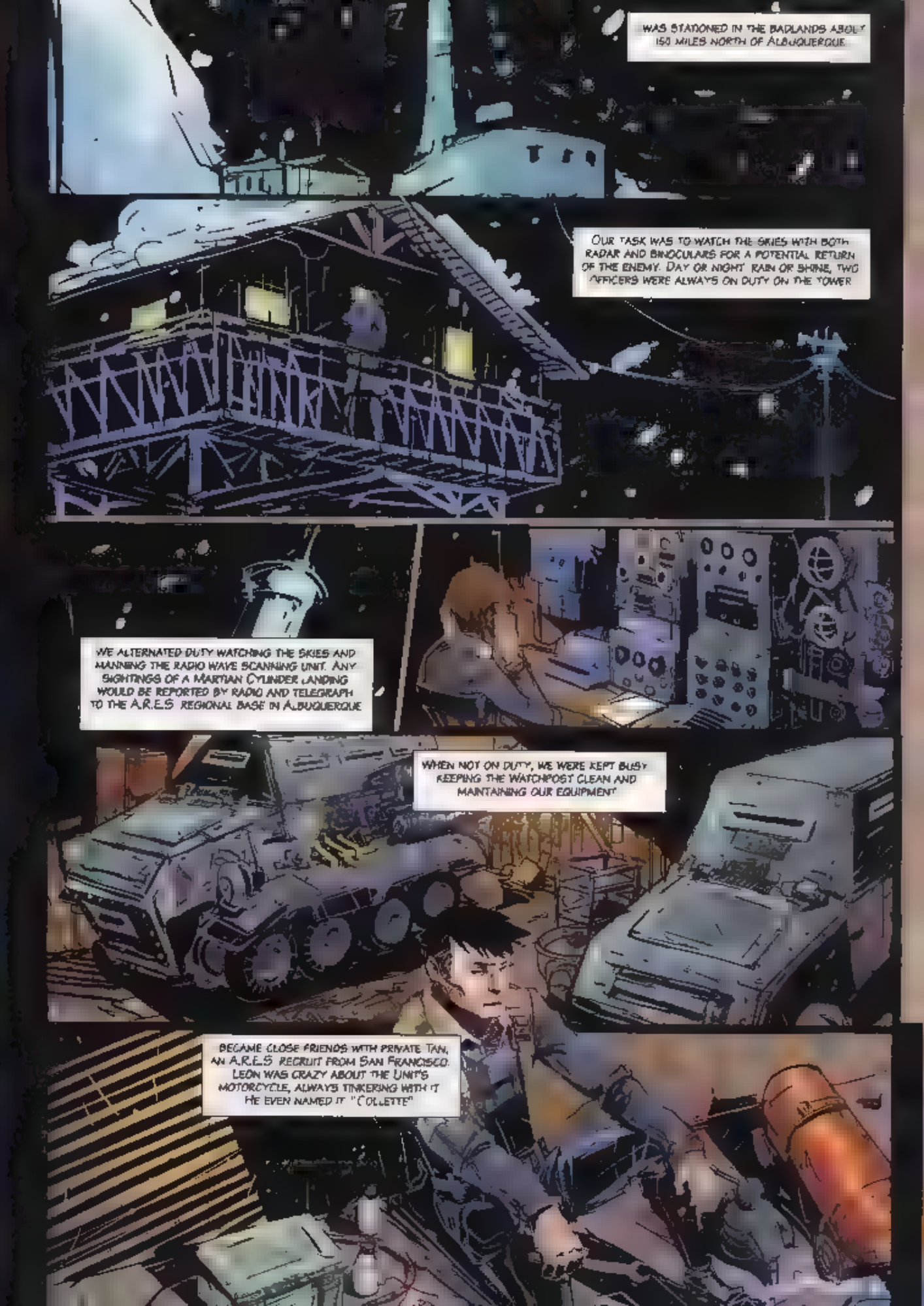
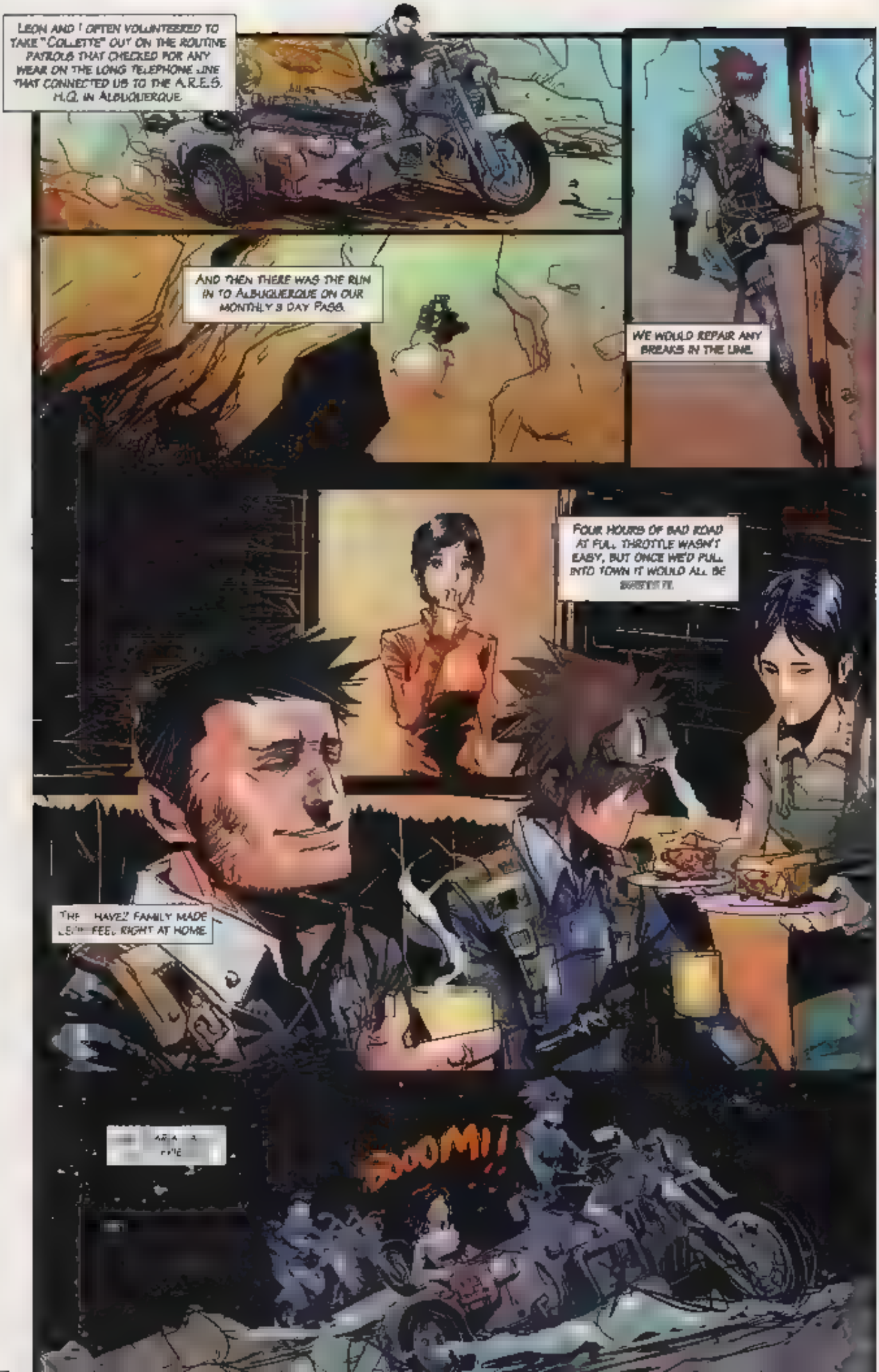
AND MARIA. SHE WAS ALWAYS IN MY THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS.

UPON COMPLETION OF MY TRAINING THAT SPRING I WAS POSTED BACK TO THE SOUTHWEST TO MAN A WATCH STATION NEAR ALBUQUERQUE.
DINNER AT HOME WAS A JOYOUS EVENT. FAMILY AND FRIENDS FILLED THE SMALL DINING ROOM. THE SHERIFF WAS QUIETLY PROUD. MRS. CHAVEZ BUSTLED ABOUT LIKE A MOTHER HEN, MAKING SURE EVERYONE HAD SECONDS OR THIRDS OF HER WONDERFUL HOME COOKING.
SET WAS MARIA.
THAT EVENING WE HIKED OUT TO THE MESA. I ASKED MARIA TO BE MY WIFE.
SHE SAID "YES! WE SET THE DATE FOR SEPTEMBER 18TH.


WAS STATIONED IN THE BADLANDS ABOUT 150 MILES NORTH OF ALBUQUERQUE.
OUR TASK WAS TO WATCH THE SKIES WITH BOTH RADAR AND BINOCULARS FOR A POTENTIAL RETURN OF THE ENEMY. DAY OR NIGHT, RAIN OR SHINE, TWO OFFICERS WERE ALWAYS ON DUTY ON THE TOWER.
WE ALTERNATED DUTY WATCHING THE SKIES AND MANNING THE RADIO WAVE SCANNING UNIT. ANY SIGHTINGS OF A MARTIAN CYLINDER LANDING WOULD BE REPORTED BY RADIO AND TELEGRAPH TO THE A.R.E.S. REGIONAL BASE IN ALBUQUERQUE.
WHEN NOT ON DUTY, WE WERE KEPT BUSY KEEPING THE WATCHPOST CLEAN AND MAINTAINING OUR EQUIPMENT.
BECAME CLOSE FRIENDS WITH PRIVATE TAN, AN A.R.E.S. RECRUIT FROM SAN FRANCISCO. LEON WAS CRAZY ABOUT THE UNIT'S MOTORCYCLE, ALWAYS TINKERING WITH IT. HE EVEN NAMED IT "COLETTE"

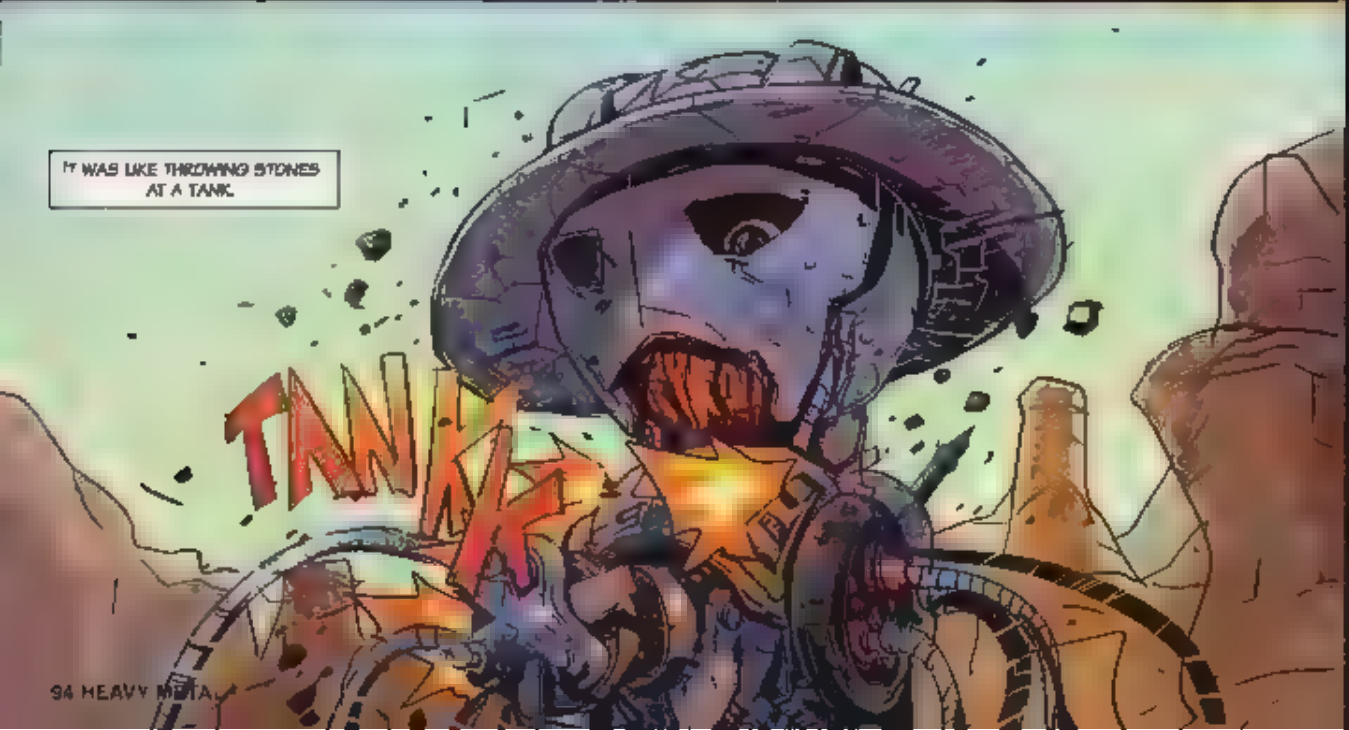

LEON AND I OFTEN VOLUNTEERED TO TAKE "COLLETTE" OUT ON THE ROUTINE PATROLS THAT CHECKED FOR ANY WEAR ON THE LONG TELEPHONE LINE THAT CONNECTED US TO THE A.R.E.S. H.Q. IN ALBUQUERQUE.
AND THEN THERE WAS THE RUN IN TO ALBUQUERQUE ON OUR MONTHLY 3 DAY PASS.
WE WOULD REPAIR ANY BREAKS IN THE LINE.
FOUR HOURS OF BAD ROAD AT FULL THROTTLE WASN'T EASY, BUT ONCE WE'D PULL INTO TOWN IT WOULD ALL BE
THE HAVEL FAMILY MADE FEEL RIGHT AT HOME.
BOOM!!

THE LONG RIDE BACK TO BASE ON THE LAST NIGHT OF THE PASS WAS HARDER THEN THE RIDE INTO TOWN THREE DAYS EARLIER
THE DAYS TURNED INTO MONTHS. WROTE MARIA OFTEN AND COUNTED DOWN THE DAYS TO SEPTEMBER AND OUR WEDDING
!?

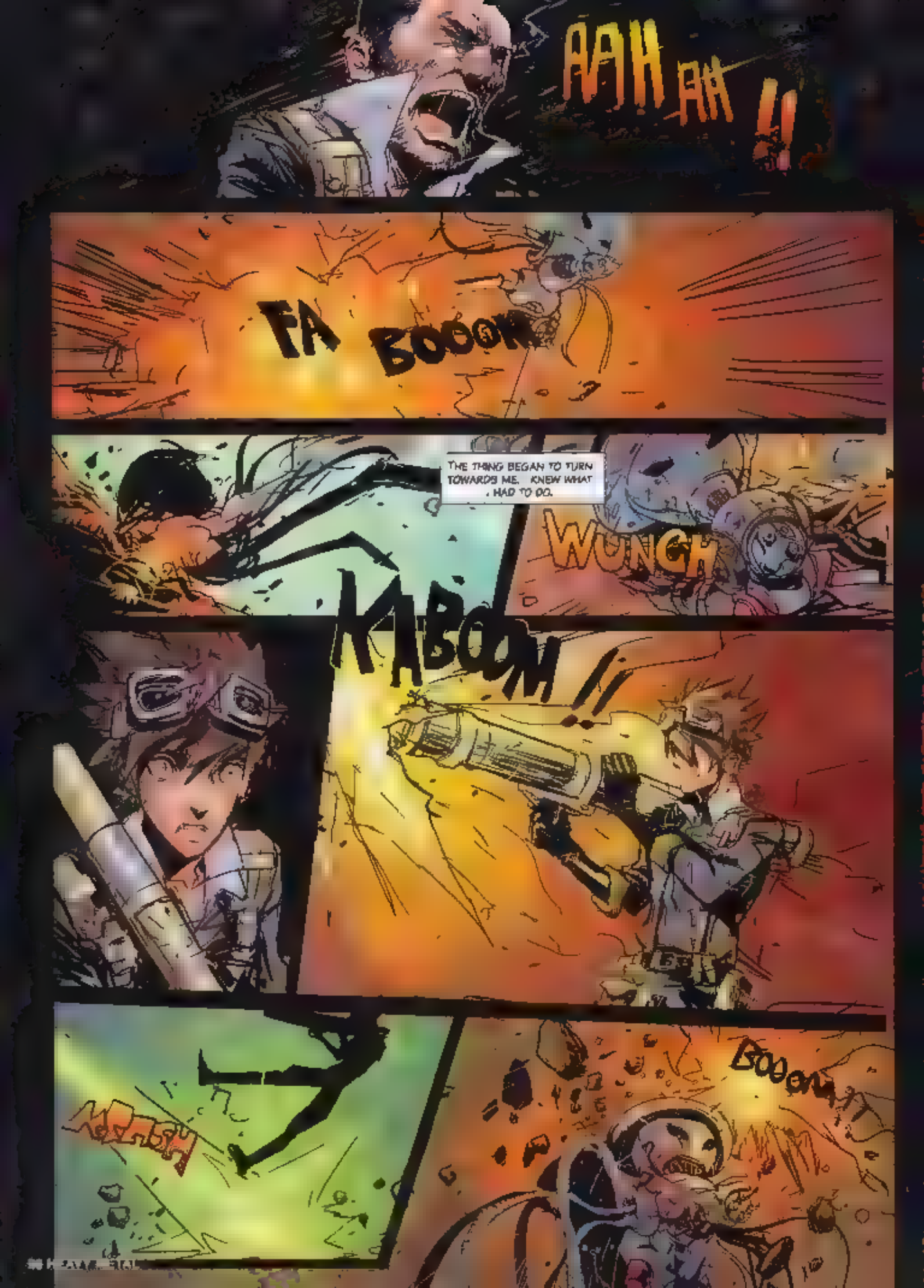
WE HAD TO GET WORD OF THE LANDINGS TO H.Q. IN ALBUQUERQUE. WITH THE RADIO INOPERATIVE OUR ONE REMAINING CHANCE WAS THE TELEPHONE.
THE LINE WAS DEAD. AS WAS ALL POWER AT THE STATION. THE LIEUTENANT WAS CONVINCED THAT THE AIR-BURST WE WITNESSED MUST HAVE AFFECTED ALL ELECTRONICS AND MAGNETICS IN THE VICINITY OF THE BLAST
HE ORDERED LEON AND I TO TAKE THE MOTORCYCLE AND A FIELD TELEPHONE RIDE TWENTY MILES TOWARDS ALBUQUERQUE, SPLICE INTO THE LINE AND TRY TO GET A CALL THROUGH
CHOOM
SO THE EFFECT COULD BE LOCALIZED MOVE FURTHER AWAY AND THE ELECTRONICS MIGHT STILL BE WORKING
AN HOUR LATER THE SUN WAS RISING AND WE WERE FOLLOWING THE LINE DEEP IN THE CANYON.
WE FOUND A GOOD SPOT TO SPLICE INTO THE LINE. LEON RAN A LINE DOWN FROM A POLE AND I BROKE OUT THE FIELD PHONE

WHILE LEON COVERED ME WITH THE "FIFTY-CAL." I DIALED INTO THE H.Q. IN ALBUQUERQUE
AND GOT THROUGH!
GAVE THEM A FULL REPORT ON THE ANDING OF THE 3 CYLINDERS. THEY CONFIRMED AND TOLD THAT THIS WAS ONE OF A NUMBER OF MARTIAN ANDING THAT HAVE BEEN SIGHTED
SOMETHING WAS APPROACHING
MOMENTS LATER THE GROUND BEGAN TO SHAKE
SOMETHING BIG
CHOOM!
CHOOM!
CHOOM!
CHOOM!
CHOOM!
HEAVY METAL

A TRIPOD!
LEON OPENED UP ON THE THING WITH THE "MA DEUCE"
TAK
TAK
WUNCH

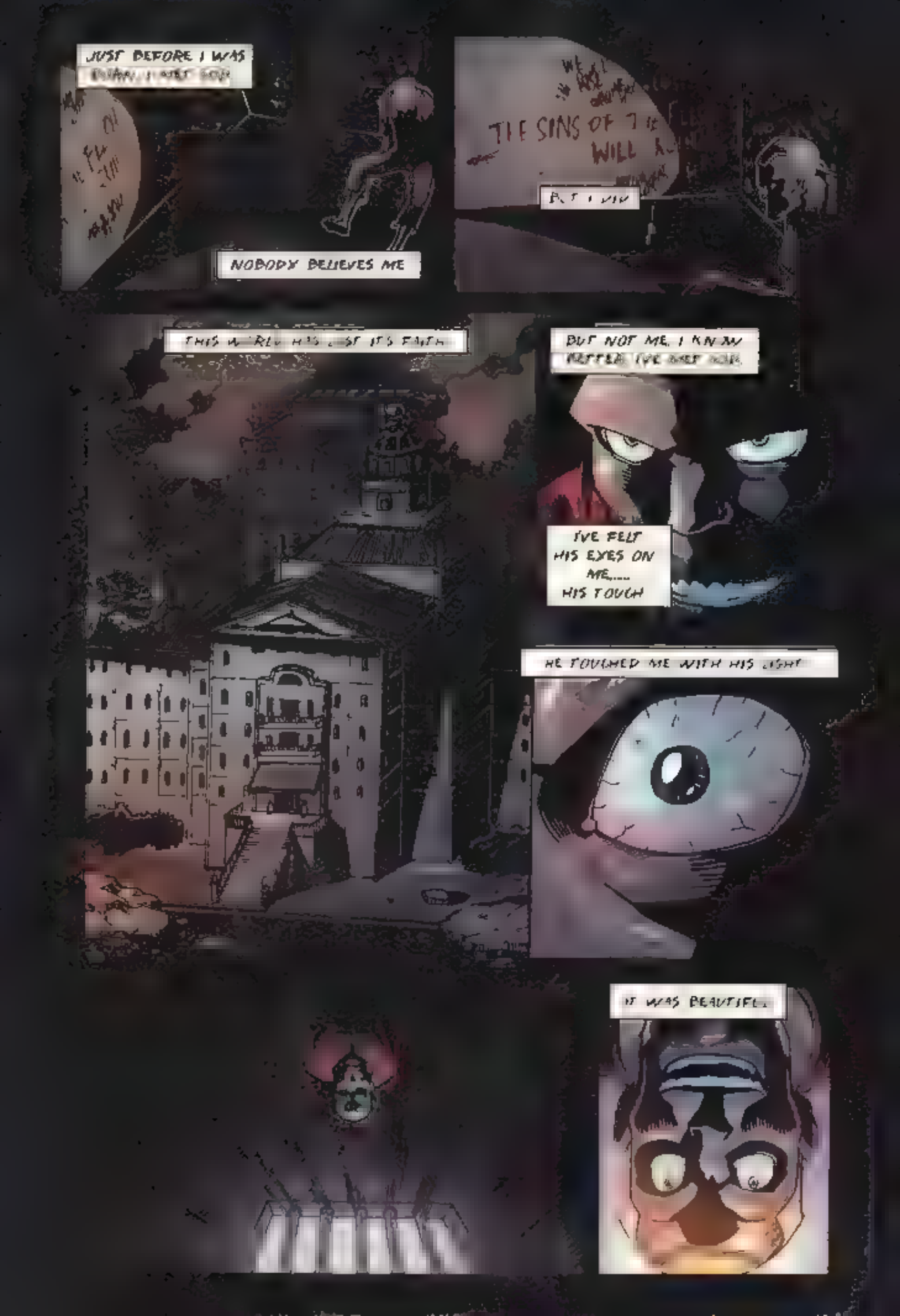

IT WAS LIKE THROWING STONES AT A TANK.
TANK

TOK
VVRROOOM!
SHEERAK
VRRRR
WHOM
!
NO!


AAH AH !!
FA BOOOM
THE THING BEGAN TO TURN TOWARDS ME. KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO.
WUNCH
KABOOM !!
BOOOM

RUMBLE
CRASH

I'VE STOPPED THE MARTIAN.
..GOT THE MESSAGE THROUGH. TO A.R.E.S.
..WARNER ALBUQUERQUE
MARIA. . HONORED MY ..OATH


JUST BEFORE I WAS
NOBODY BELIEVES ME
THE SINS OF THE
WILL
BUT I DID
THIS WORLD HAS LOST ITS FAITH
BUT NOT ME, I KNOW
BETTER. I'VE BEEN
I'VE FELT
HIS EYES ON
ME.....
HIS TOUCH
HE TOUCHED ME WITH HIS LIGHT
IT WAS BEAUTIFUL

WAR OF THE WORLDS
GOLIATH
"THE PATIENT"
GOD IS BEAUTIFUL!

THIS WORLD HAS LOST IT'S FAITH
THEY HAVE TURNED THEIR BACK ON GOD
NEVER ME
BUT NOT ME
FOR I AM GOD'S FAITHFUL SERVANT
AND THE FAITHFUL SHALL BE REWARDED
I AM READY MY LORD
I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU MY LORD ..SO VERY, VERY ....

NO! NOOO!!
IT..IT CAN'T BE....YOU... YOU.....
I AM GOD'S FAITHFUL SERVANT
AND THE FAITHFUL..
SH.. BE..
YOU BASTARDS!!

.... REWARDED

BEFORE I WAS BORN I MET GOD
HE TOUCHED ME. GOD TOUCHED ME.
I WAS BEAUTIFUL

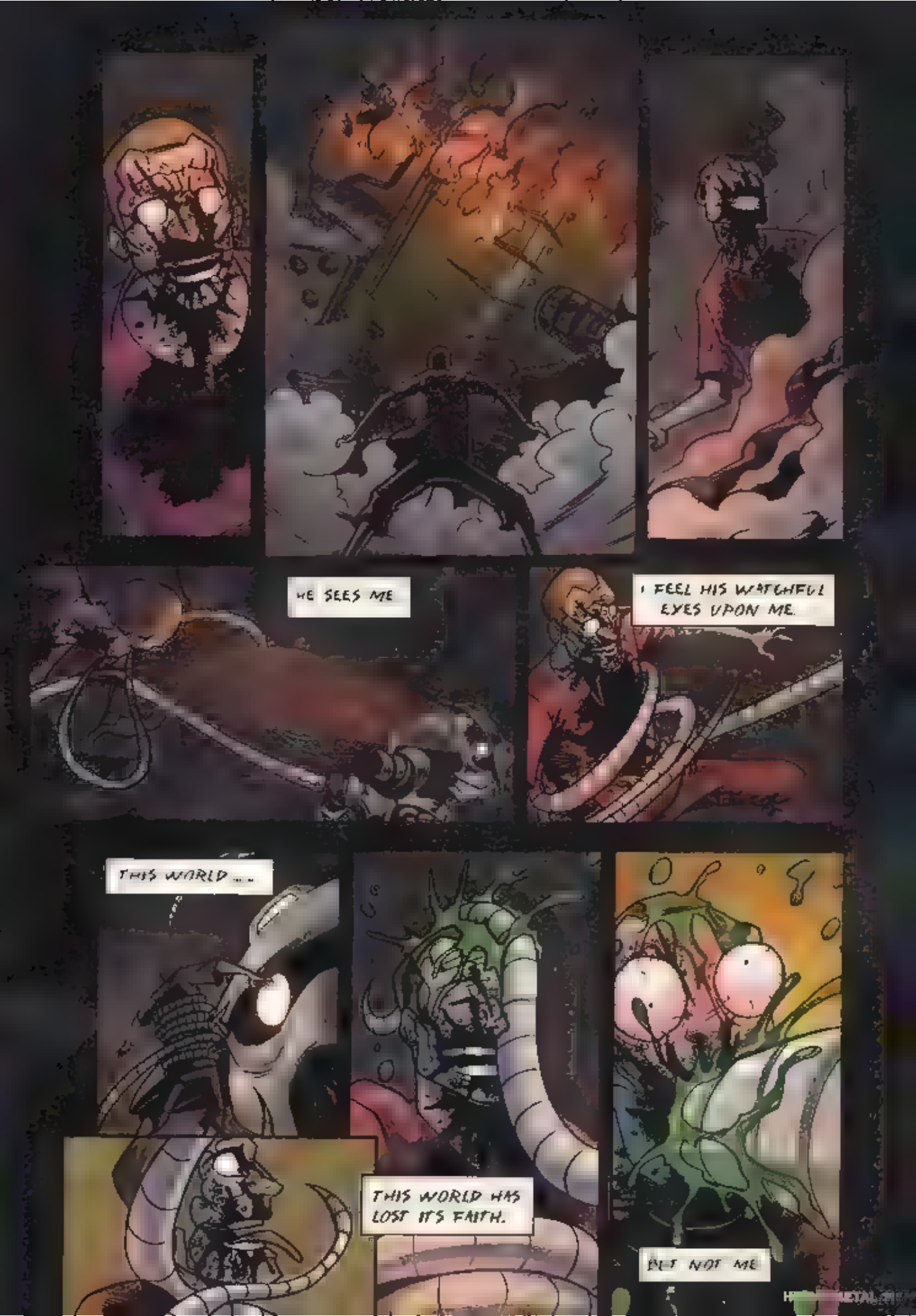
GOD IS BEAUTIFUL
HE SEES ME

I AM HERE MY LORD
I FEEL YOUR WATCHFUL EYES UPON ME
GOT YOU, YOU SON OF A BITCH!
DIE! YOU BASTARD, DIE!
NO!

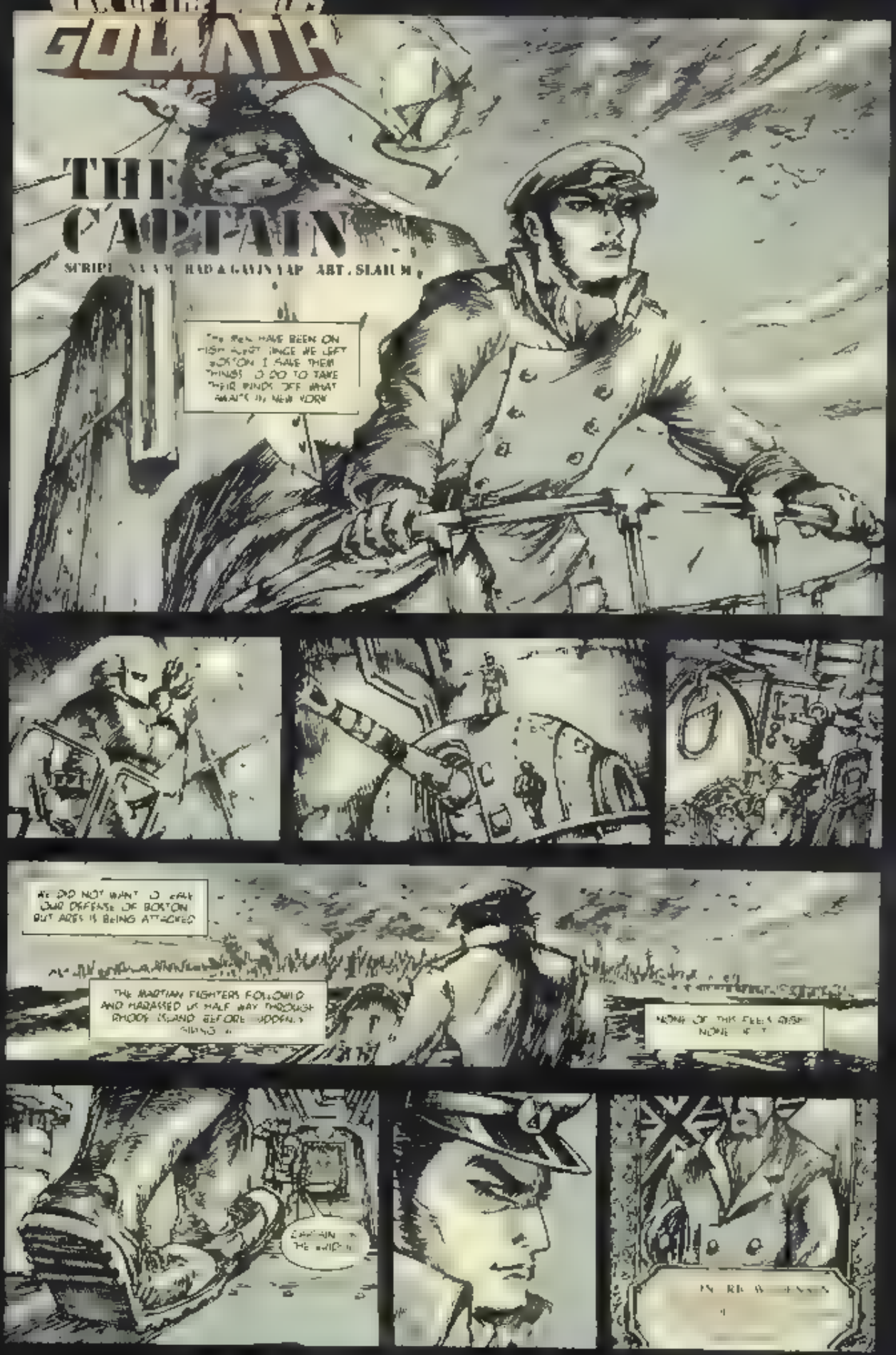
THEY MUST BE PUNISHED!!
GET AWAY FROM THERE, BUDDY
LET A.R.E.S TAKE CARE OF THE BASTARDS!
...YOUR FAITHFUL SERVANT
NOW SAY GOODNIGHT
CANNON
THE FAITHFUL SHALL BE REWARDED.
AND THE FAITHLESS.....

...MUST BE PUNISHED!!!
OH MY GOD!! GET OFF HIM, YOU FREAK!!!
YOU HAVE NO GOD!!!
NOT ANYMORE
I AM READY, MY LORD
I WILL FIGHT FOR YOU, MY LORD
WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING?
MOTHER OF GOD!!

OH MY GOD!
IS THAT? IS THAT SOMEONE'S FACE?!?!?!?
FIGHT ME
CAPTAIN! PROXIMITY ALERT!
CAPTAIN
WHERE DAMMIT
FIGHT ME!!!


HE SEES ME
I FEEL HIS WATCHFUL EYES UPON ME.
THIS WORLD ....
THIS WORLD HAS LOST ITS FAITH.
BUT NOT ME

NEVER ME.
THE END


WAR OF THE WORLDS
GOLIATH
THE CAPTAIN
SCRIPT: [illegible] AND [illegible] ART: [illegible]
THE REDS HAVE BEEN ON HIGH ALERT SINCE WE LEFT BOSTON I SAVE THEIR THINGS I DO TO TAKE THEIR MINDS OFF WHAT AWAITS IN NEW YORK
WE DID NOT WANT TO LEAVE OUR DEFENSE OF BOSTON BUT ARES IS BEING ATTACKED
THE MARTIAN FIGHTERS FOLLOWED AND HARASSED US HALF WAY THROUGH RHODE ISLAND BEFORE SUDDENLY GIVING UP
NONE OF THE FLEET WISH NONE OF T
CAPTAIN TO THE BRIDGE
IN RE W

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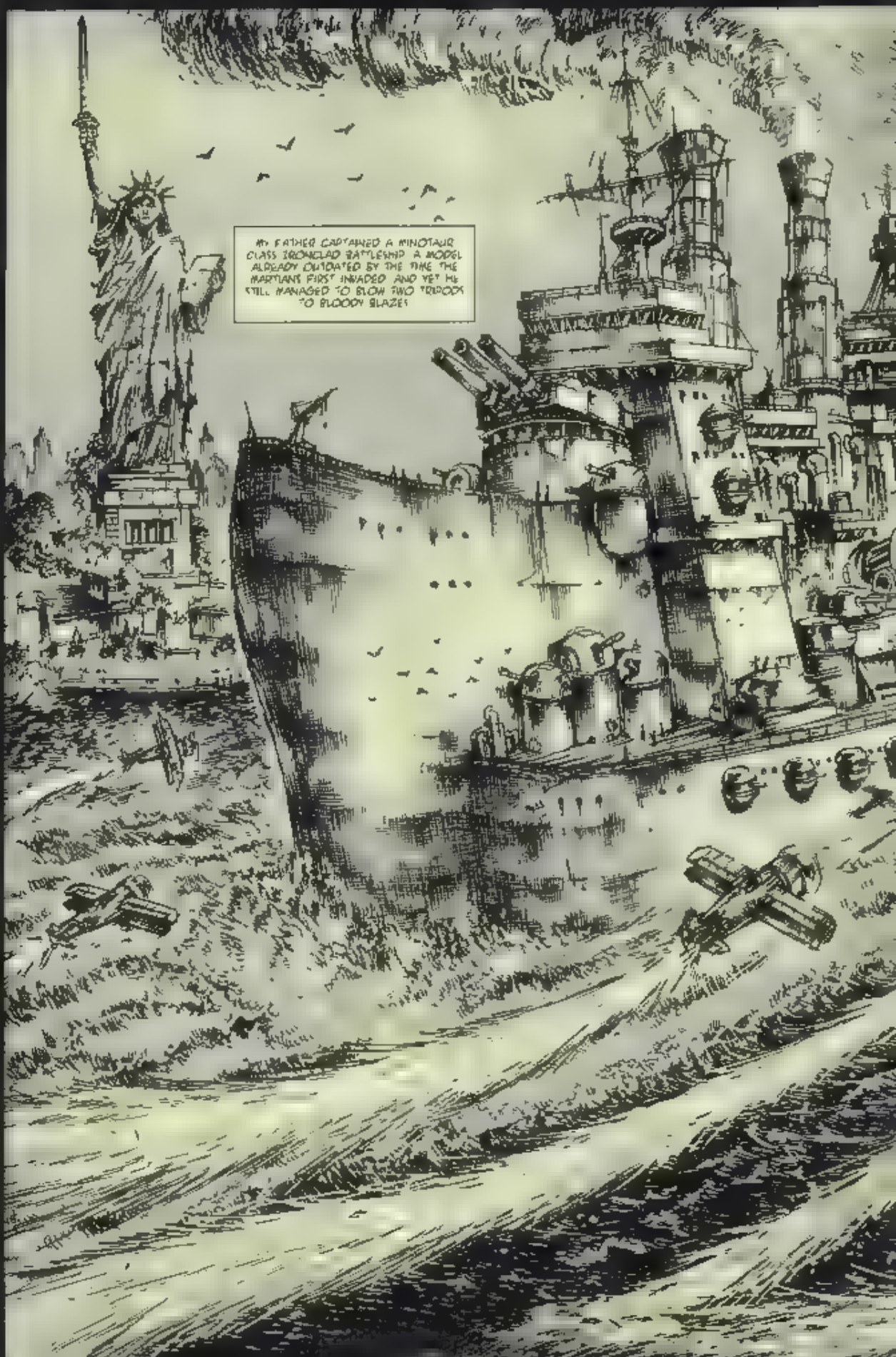
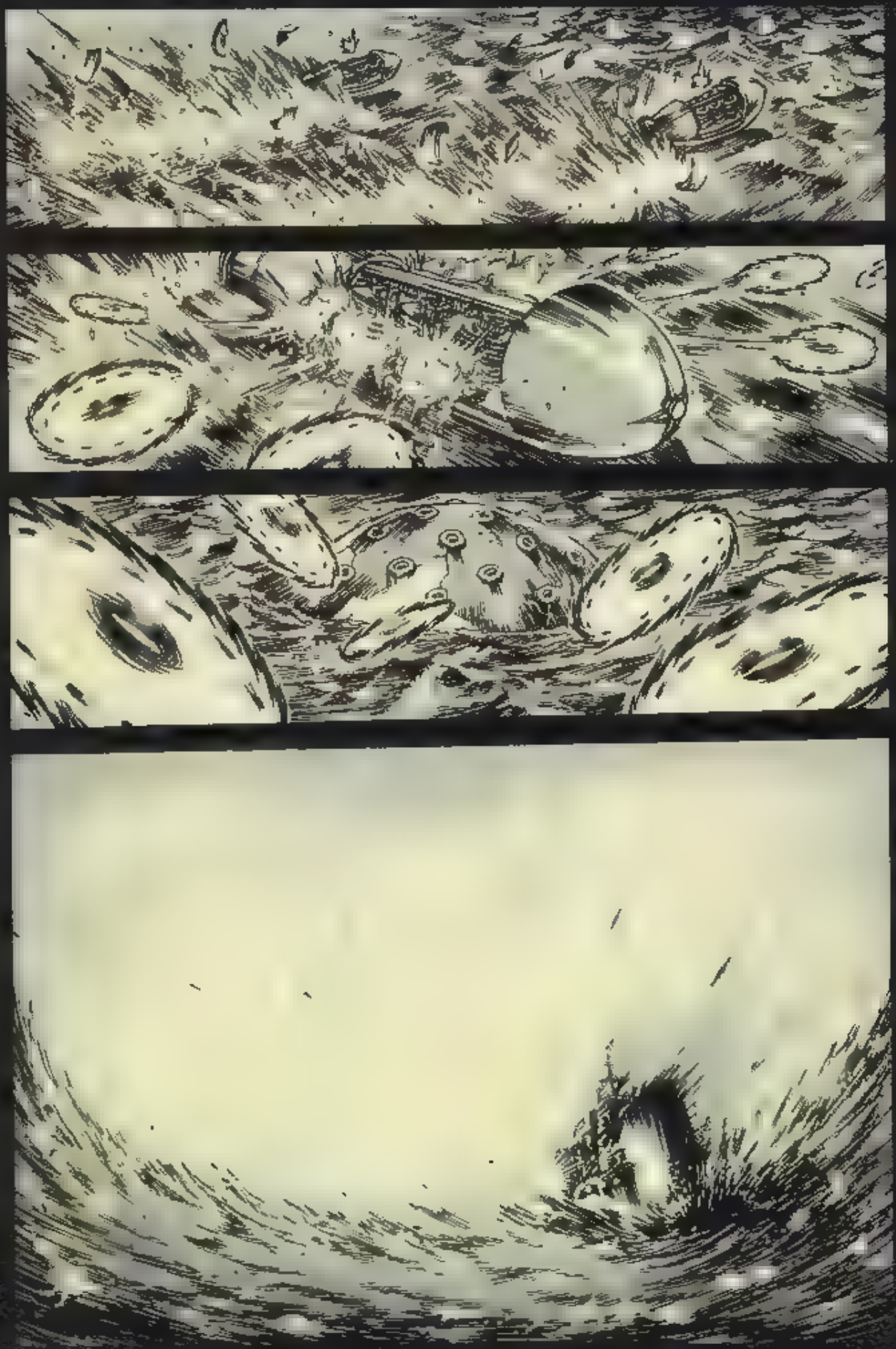
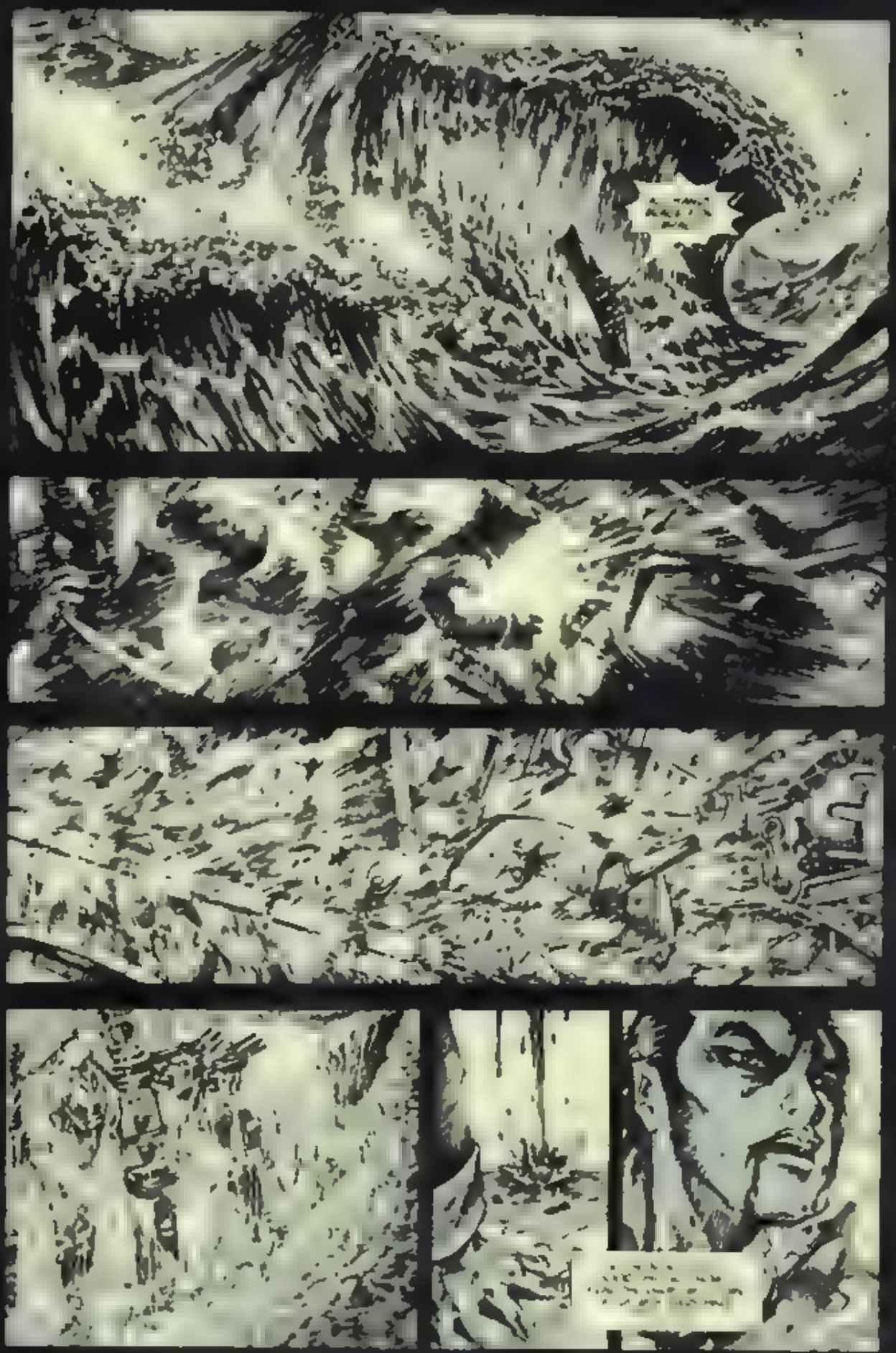

MY FATHER CAPTAINED A MINOTAUR CLASS IRONCLAD BATTLESHIP A MODEL ALREADY OUTDATED BY THE TIME THE MARTIANS FIRST INVADED AND YET HE STILL MANAGED TO BLOW TWO TRIPODS TO BLOODY BLAZES!

MY FATHER CAPTAINED A PINOTAUR CLASS IRONCLAD BATTLESHIP A MODEL ALREADY OUTDATED BY THE TIME THE MARTIANS FIRST INVADED AND YET HE STILL MANAGED TO BLOW TWO TRIPODS TO BLOODY BLAZES
MY SHIP HAS SIX TIMES THE ARMOR TWENTY TIMES THE FIREPOWER OF MY FATHER'S YET I WONDER IF I CAN MAKE THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF DIFFERENCE AGAINST ALL THAT

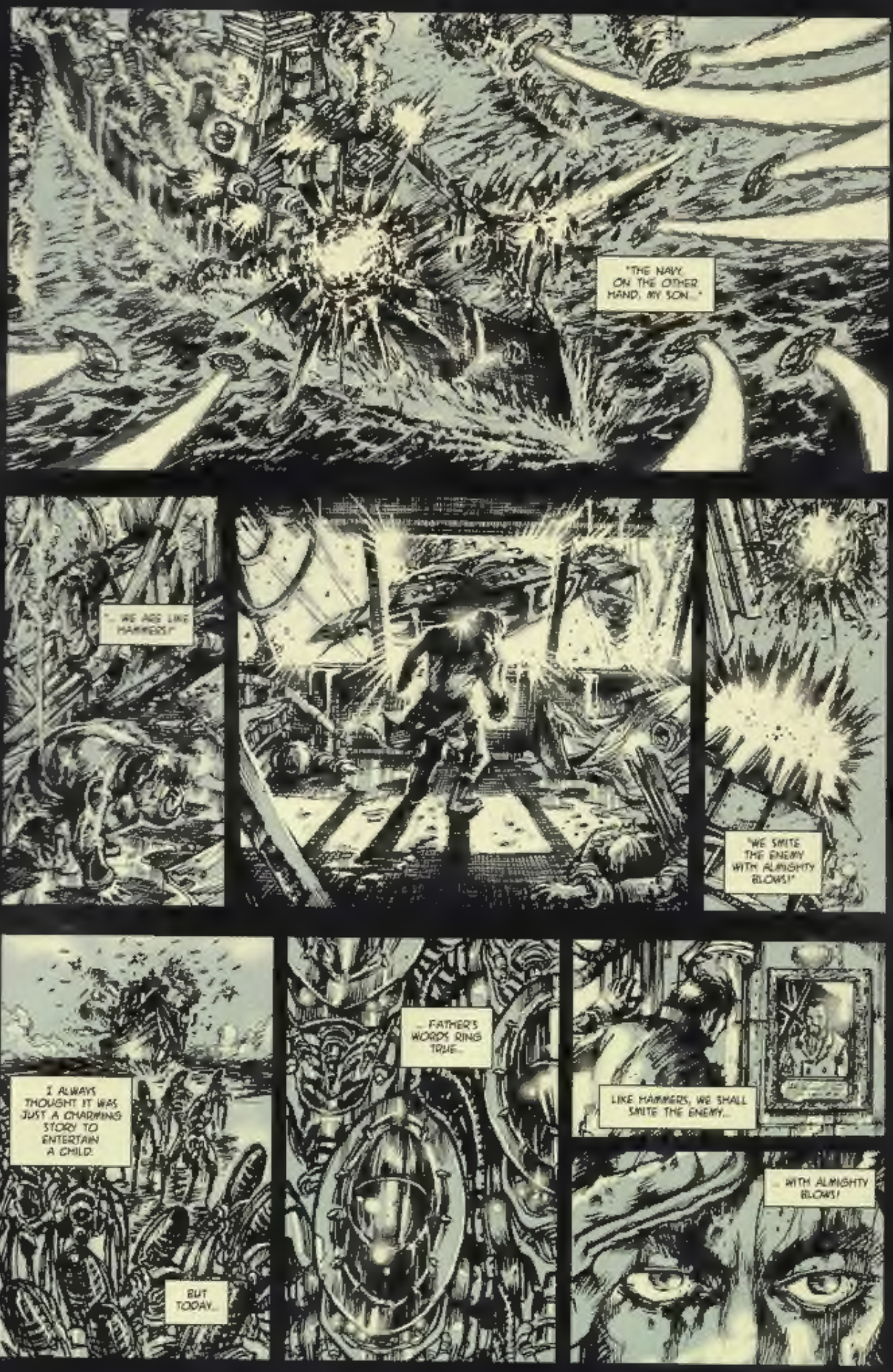
I CAN ONLY PRAY THAT GOD IS ON OUR SIDE TONIGHT
AYE ORDER!
CAPTAIN?
GENTLEMEN. WE SAIL UP THE EAST RIVER. AZES BASE NEEDS OUR HELP. WE HAVE NO OTHER COURSE OF ACTION, AND NOT MUCH TIME
FULL SPEED AHEAD!

CAPTAIN! MARTIAN MINES 200 METERS AHEAD
WE ARE TOO CLOSE CAPTAIN! AND WE DON'T KNOW
DAMN IT MAN I GAVE YOU AN ORDER!
SWEEPERS NOW!





WHEN I WAS A CHILD, MY FATHER USED TO TELL ME...
"EVERY ELEMENT OF HIS MAJESTY'S WAR APPARATUS HAS A DIFFERENT EFFECT ON THE ENEMY."
"INFANTRY IS LIKE A SPEAR, STABBING AWAY. CAVALRY IS LIKE A SPEEDING ARROW."
"ARTILLERY IS LIKE A SWORD, HACKING OFF PIECES OF THE ENEMY."


"THE NAVY, ON THE OTHER HAND, MY SON..."
"... WE ARE LIKE HAMMERS!"
"WE SMITE THE ENEMY WITH ALMIGHTY BLOWS!"
I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A CHARMING STORY TO ENTERTAIN A CHILD.
BUT TODAY...
... FATHER'S WORDS RING TRUE...
LIKE HAMMERS, WE SHALL SMITE THE ENEMY...
... WITH ALMIGHTY BLOWS!

H.M.S.
THUNDER
CHILD

PETER WINGFIELD ELIZABETH GRACEN JIM BYRNES ADAM BALDWIN AND ADRIAN PAUL
WAR OF THE WORLDS
GOLIATH™
TRIPOD ENTERTAINMENT IN ASSOCIATION WITH MDeC PRESENTS A FILM BY JOE PEARSON
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